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DRY FARMING---THE SCIENCE TO TRANSFORM THE DESERTS

Agriculture is a progressive science. Nature not only presents compensations for incurable deficiencies in certain sections of the country, but also seems to hold in reserve unexpected possibilities of development that are available when the human family needs an increased area for crop cultivation.

The western states have given to the world a spectacle of general development so rapid as to be almost startling in its realization. The first migration westward pushed out to the rich mineral districts or to the humid coast belt, esteeming the "Great American Desert" as uninhabitable and consequently worthless. Cross the "desert" now on any one of the transcontinental trains and try to imagine what a transformation has been wrought.

It was under the magic sway of irrigation that things first began to change. In certain instances the seemingly impossible has been accomplished. Water lifted from ancient river beds has been carried for ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty miles to slake the thirst of the parched land and cause its thanksgiving to appear in the smiles of nature enthroned in the midst of green fields and in the fragrance of fruit and flowers.

But irrigation is almost an old story, surpassed in a new wonder of the west known as "dry farming." The name of this most recent agricultural science is at once a misnomer and a fairly descriptive title. It is not an abstruse proposition, nor difficult to understand. Like irrigation, dry farming is simply an operative common sense applied to given conditions.

It has been discovered that an average annual rainfall of eleven inches is sufficient for successful crop production if that moisture is conserved in the soil. The truth of this proposition has been thoroughly demonstrated by continued agricultural success for a score of years at various places in Utah, and notably in the vicinity of Pendleton, Ore. The three prime essentials of such success are summer tillage, cropping a given piece of ground only in alternate years, and light seeding. These truths were not discovered in a day. They are the product of experience. Finally they were collated in a system and there appeared the science of dry farming.

Eastern Montana, with a normal annual rainfall of sixteen inches, is at present the most interesting field for the demonstration of the possibilities of dry farming. Land hitherto providing only a precarious existence for range stock is easily made to produce 30, 40 or 50 bushels of grain per acre, while potatoes, corn and other crops are unusually successful.

Dry farming is not the successor to irrigation. They are kindred and co-ordinate sciences, often working side by side in the same locality. Their individual and aggregate results undoubtedly mean the complete reclamation of Eastern Montana and the building of thousands of new homes on these vast stretches of fertile lands.

Blunders.

Chicago News.

Some ancient bulls are credited to William Arodin, who was a London police judge in the '80s of the last century. He once remarked to counsel: "If you can show practically at what moment the offence was committed and prove that the prisoner was not there when he did it, he could not possibly have done it." And he sagely added: "We cannot divest ourselves of common sense in a court of justice." Of a similar character was an axiom he once delivered himself of, which has been maliciously fathered on many other occupants of the bench: "If ever there was a case of clearer evidence than this case, this case is that case."

A Zurich newspaper published the following advertisement in English: "Reading board house among a charming set of mountains. Very beseeming for families or singular individuals. Shadowed glades and amiable places for resting for guests of the cure. All facilities for mountainous expeditions. Excellent kitchen, with lager beer running from the tap."

In an English village an official notice reads as follows: "The public are warned against using the well for domestic purposes unless previously boiled."

A Few Tongue Twisters.

A London paper recently offered a series of prizes for the best "tongue-twisting" sentences. The Wide-Awakers will find the prize-winning contributions quite amusing; here they are:

A growing gleam growing green.

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shines Susan. She ceaseth shining socks and shoes, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock; a black spot on the black back of a black-spotted haddock.

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster? Did Oliver Oglethorp, ogle an owl and an oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster, where are the owl and the oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

If you can get through with that exercise without tying your tongue into a quintuple bowknot, you will deserve a greater prize than the London paper offered in this unique contest. Save the list, and introduce it at one of your evening gatherings.

Rejoice.

"Rejoice," said the Sun; "I will make thee gay
With glory and gladnes and holliday;
I am dumb, O man, and I need thy voice."

"Rejoice in thyself," said he, "O Sun
For thy daily course is a lordly one;
In thy lofty place, rejoice if thou can;
For me, I am only a man."

"Rejoice," said the Wind, "I am free and strong;
I will wake in thy heart an ancient song;
Hear the roaring woods, my organ noise!"
But man would not rejoice.

"Rejoice, O Wind in thy strength," said he,
"For thou fulfillest thy destiny;
Shake the forest, the faint flowers fan;
For me, I am only a man."

"Rejoice," said the Night, "with moon and star;
The Sun and the Wind are gone afar;
I am here with rest and dreams of choice."
But man would not rejoice.

For he said—"What is rest to me, I pray,
Whose labor brings no gladsome day?
He only should dream who has hope behind.
Alas for me and my kind!"

Then came a voice that came not from moon or star,
From the sun, or the wind, roving afar,
Said, "Man, I am with thee—hear my voice."
And man said: "I rejoice."

—George MacDonald.

This is the highest learning,
The hardest and the best:
From self to keep still turning,
And honor all the rest.

—George Macdonald.

By wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased wisdom yet for none.

—Bayard Taylor.

AS A MAN LIVES

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The Coming of Mr. Berdenstein.

There are days marked in our lives with white stones. We can never forget them. Recollections, a very easy effort of memory, seem to bring back even in some measure the very thrill, the same pulsations and emotions, as were kindled into life by certain never-to-be-forgotten happenings. Time cannot weaken them. Whilst we have life the memory of them is eternal. And there are other days against the memory of which we have dropped a black stone. We shrink from anything which may recall them. No sacrifice would seem too great if only we could set the seal of oblivion upon those few hated hours. We school ourselves to close our eyes, and turn our heads away from anything which might in any manner recall them to us. Yet we are powerless. Ghosts of them steal light-footed, detested and uninvited guests, across our fairest moments; the chill of winter shakes us on the most brilliant of midsummer days; the color steals from our cheeks, and our blood runs to water. We are at the mercy of those touches of icy reminiscence. There is no escape from them. There never will be any escape. The Sunday which followed my father's visit to London is one of those hideous memories. In the calendar of my life it is marked with the blackest of black stones. I only pray that such another day as that may never find its way into my life.

The morning passed much as usual. My father had scarcely spoken to us on the previous evening. In reply to our half eager, half frightened questions, he admitted that he had been ill. He would not hear of a doctor. His malady, he told us, was one which he himself perfectly understood. He would be better in a few days. He ate and drank sparingly, and then retired at once to his room. We heard him drag himself wearily up the stairs, and Alice burst into tears, and I myself felt a lump in my throat. Yet what could we do? He would not have us near him. The only invalid's privilege which he permitted himself was a fire in his bedroom, and this he asked for immediately he entered the house, although the night was close and oppressive, and he had come in with beads of perspiration standing out upon his white forehead.

In the morning he preached an old sermon, preached it with weary lips and wholly nonchalant manner. His pallid face and lustreless eyes became objects of remark amongst the meager congregation. I could hear people whispering to one another when the service was over. Lady Naselton spoke to me of it with concern as we passed down the aisle.

"I am sorry to see your father looking so dreadfully ill, dear," she remarked. "I am particularly sorry today. Come outside, and I will tell you why."

We passed out together into the sunlit air, fresh and vigorous after the dull, vault-like gloom of the little church, with its ivy-hung windows. Lady Naselton held my arm.

"My dear," she said, "the Bishop is lunching with us today, and staying all night. I have spoken to him about your father. He remembers him quite well, and he is coming to service this evening on purpose to hear him preach."

"The Bishop," I repeated, vaguely. "Do you mean our Bishop? The Bishop of Exchester?"

"Yes. I am not supposed, of course, to say anything about it, as his visit has nothing to do with diocesan affairs, but I should be so disappointed if your father did not make an impression upon him."

She looked around to be sure that no one was listening. It was quite a needless precaution.

"You see, dear, I happen to know that there are two vacant stalls at the cathedral, and the Bishop wants a preacher badly. It is owing to what I have told him about your father that he is coming over today. I do hope that he will be at his best this evening."

"I am afraid that there is very little chance of it," I answered, blankly. "He is really very ill. He will not admit it, but you can see for yourself."

"He must make an effort," Lady Naselton said, firmly. "Will you tell him this from me? Say that we shall all be there, and if only he can make a good impression—well, it is the chance of a lifetime. Of course, we shall all be terribly sorry to lose you, but Exchester is not very far off, and we really could not expect to keep a man with your father's gifts very long. Try and rouse him up, won't you? Good-bye, dear."

She drove off, and I waited at the vestry door for my father. He came out with half-closed eyes, and seemed scarcely to see me. I walked by his side, and repeated what Lady Naselton had told me. Contrary to my expectations, the news was sufficient to rouse him from his apathy.

"The Bishop here tonight?" he repeated, thoughtfully. "You are quite sure that there is no mistake? It is the Bishop of Exchester?"

I nodded assent.

"So Lady Naselton assured me. I have heard her say more than once that they knew him very well indeed. She is most anxious that you should do your very best. It seems that there are two stalls vacant at the cathedral."

The light flashed into his eyes for a moment, and then died out.

"If only it had been a week ago," he said. "I have other things in my mind now. I am not in the mood to prepare anything worth listening to."

"Those other things, father," I said, softly.

"Are we to remain wholly ignorant of them? If there is any trouble to be faced, we are ready to take our share."

He shook his head, and a wan smile flickered for a moment upon his pale lips. He looked at me not unkindly.

"It may come, Kate," he said, softly. "Till then, be patient and ask no questions."

We had reached the house, and I said no more. Directly after luncheon, at which he ate scarcely anything, he went into his study. We hoped, Alice and I, that he had gone to work. But in less than half an hour he came out. I met him in the hall.

"My hat and stick, Kate," he said. "I am going for a walk."

His manner forbade questions, but as he was leaving the house an impulse came to me.

"May I come with you, father?" I asked. "I was going for a walk too."

He hesitated for a moment, and seemed about to refuse. What made him change his mind I could never tell. But he did change it.

"Yes, you can come," he said, shortly. "I am starting now, though. I cannot wait for a moment."

"I am quite ready," I answered, taking my hat and gloves from the stand. So we passed out of the house together.

At the gate he paused for a moment, and I thought that he was going to take the road which led to the Yellow House and Deville Court. Apparently he changed his mind, however.

"We will take the footpath to Bromflow Downs," he said. "I have never been there."

We turned our backs upon the more familiar places, and walked slowly along the country which led to the Downs. We neither of us spoke a word for some time. Once or twice I glanced towards him with concern. He was moving with uncertain steps, and every now and then he pressed his hand to his side. Physically, I could see that he was scarcely equal to the exertion of walking. It was mental disquiet which had brought him out. His eyes were dry and bright, and there was a hectic flush upon his cheeks. As we passed from the lane out on to the open Downs, he drew a little breath and removed his hat. The autumn wind swept through his hair, and blew open his coat. He took in a long breath of it. "This is good," he said, softly. "Let us rest here."

We sat upon the trunk of a fallen pine tree on the verge of the common. Far away on the hillside rose the red chimneys of Naselton Hall. I looked at them, and of a sudden the desire to tell my father what I knew of that man's presence there grew stronger and stronger. After all it was his right to know. It was best to tell him.

"Father," I said, "I have something to say to you. It is something which I think you ought to know."

He looked away from vacancy into my face. Something in my manner seemed to attract him. He frowned, and answered me sharply.

"What is it, child? Only mind that it is not a question."

"It is not a question," I said. "It is something that I want to tell you. Perhaps I ought to have told you before. One afternoon last week I was at Lady Naselton's for tea. I met a man there—half a foreigner he seemed to me. He had lately returned from South America. His name was Berdenstein."

He heard me in perfect silence. He did not utter a single exclamation. Only I saw his head sink, and a curious marble rigidity settle down upon his features, chasing away all expression. In the silence which followed before I spoke again I could hear his breathing sharp and low, almost like the panting of an animal in pain.

"Don't think that I have been spying on you, father," I begged. "It all came about so naturally. I gave you your letters the morning that you went away, and I could not help seeing that one of them was from South America. On the envelope was written: 'In London about the 15th.' Well, as you left for London at once, I considered that you went to meet that person, whoever it was. Then at Lady Naselton's this man stared at me so, and he told me that he came from South America. Some instinct seemed to suggest to me that this was the man who had written that letter. I talked to him for awhile, and I was sure of it."

Then my father spoke. He was like a man who had received a stroke. His voice seemed to come from a great distance. His eyes were fixed upon that break in the trees on the distant hillside beyond which was Naselton Hall.

"So near," he said, softly—"so very near! How did he come here? Was it chance?"

"He was good to Lady Naselton's son abroad," I answered. "He is very rich, they say."

"Ay, ay!" My father nodded his head slowly. His manner was becoming more natural. Yet there was a look of deadly earnest in his white, set face. To look at him made me almost shudder. Something in his expression was like a premonition of the tragedy to come.

"We shall meet soon, then," he said, thoughtfully. "It may be tomorrow. It may be today. Kate, your eyes are younger than mine. Is that a man coming along the road there?—down in the hollow on the other side of the turn. Do you see?"

I stood up by his side. There was a figure in sight, but as yet a long way off.

"It is a man," I said. "He is coming towards us."

We stood there side by side for several minutes. My father was leaning upon my shoulder. The clutch of his fingers seemed to burn their way through my dress into my flesh. It was as though they were tipped with fire. He did not move or speak. He kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the bend of the road. Suddenly a slight change flashed into his face. He leaned forward; his upper lip quivered; he shaded his eyes with his hand. I followed his rapt gaze, and in the middle of the dusty white road I could see the man now. Well within sight, I watched him draw nearer and near. His carriage was buoyant and un-English, and he carried a cane, with which he snapped off the heads of the thistles growing by the hedgeside. He seemed to be whistling softly to himself, showing all the while those rows of white, glistening teeth unpleasantly prominent against the yellowish tingle of his cheeks. From the first I had scarcely doubted that this was the man of whom we had been talking. The coincidence of his coming never even struck me. It seemed at the time to be a perfectly natural thing.

He came to within a yard or two of us before he appeared to recognize me. Then he took off his hat and made me a sweeping bow. In the middle of it he encountered my father's steady gaze. His hat slipped from his fingers—he stood like a man turned to stone. His black eyes were full of horror; he looked at my father as a man would look at one risen from the dead. And my father returned his gaze with a faint, curious smile parting his thin lips.

"Welcome to England once more, Stephen," my father said, grimly. "You were about to address my daughter. Have you lost your way?"

The man opened his lips twice before spoke. I could almost fancy that his teeth were chattering. His voice was very low and husky.

"I was going to ask the way to Deville Court," he said. All the time his eyes never left my father's face. For some reason or other they were full of wonder; my father's presence seemed to terrify him.

"The way to Deville Court," my father repeated. "I am returning in that direction. I will show it to you myself. There are several turns before you get on the straight road."

My father descended the bank into the road. The stranger muttered something inaudible, which my father ignored.

"We had better start," he said, calmly. "It is rather a long way."

The man whom my father had called Stephen hesitated and drew back.

"The young lady," he suggested, faintly—"she will come with us."

"The young lady has an engagement in another direction," he said, with his eyes fixed on me. "I want you, Kate, to call upon Mr. Charlsworth and tell him to be sure to be at church tonight. You can tell him why it is important."

There was a ring in my father's tone, and a light in the glance which he flashed upon me which forbade any idea of remonstrance. Yet at the thought of leaving those two men together a cold chill seemed to pass through all my veins. Something seemed to tell me that this was no ordinary meeting. The man Berdenstein's look of terror as he had recognized my father was unmistakable. Even now he was afraid to go with him. Yet I was powerless, I dared not disobey. Already the two men were walking side by side. I was left alone, and the farmhouse to which my father had bidden me go lay in altogether a different direction. I stood and watched them pass along the lane together. Then I went on my errand. There was nothing else I could do.

* * * * * * *

I reached home in about an hour. Alice met me at the door.

"Has father come in yet?" I asked her, quickly.

She nodded.

"About five minutes ago. The walk seemed to have done him good," she added. "He was quite cheerful, and had a wonderful color. Why, Kate! what have you been doing to yourself? You are as white as a ghost."

"He was alone, I suppose?" I asked, ignoring the question.

"Alone! Of course he was alone. Come in and have some tea at once. You look tired out."

CHAPTER IX.

A Terrible Interruption.

By some means or other the news had spread in the village, and such a congregation as I had never seen filled our little church long before the usual time. In a dark corner I saw, to my surprise, Bruce Deville leaning against a pillar with folded arms, and on my way to my pew I passed Adelaide Fortress seated in a chair in the nave. Neither of these two had I ever seen in church before and what had brought them there on that particular evening I never clearly understood. It was a little irony of fate—one of those impulses which it is hard to believe are altogether coincidences.

The Bishop came early, and sat by Lady Naselton's side, the center of all eyes. I looked away from him to the chancel. I was strangely nervous. It was still dimly lit, although the bells had ceased to ring. There was only a moment's pause, however, then the little space was filled with white-robed figures, and my sister's voluntary, unduly prolonged in this instance, died away in a few soft chords. I drew a long breath of relief. Everything was going as usual. Perhaps, after all this night might be a fateful one to us.

I watched the bishop's face from the first. I watched him glance up as if in surprise at my father's rich, musical voice, which woke the echoes of the dark little church with the first words of the service. At the singing, which was always wretched, he frowned, and, catching a sideway glance from Lady Naselton, smiled somewhat. Studying him through half-closed eyelids, I decided that country services in the abstract did not attract him and that he was a little bored.

It was only when my father stood up in the pulpit and looked around him in that moment or two of hushed suspense which precedes the giving out of the text that the lines of his face relaxed and he settled himself down with an air of interest.

For me it was a terribly anxious moment. I knew my father's state of health, and I remembered the few weary and pointless words which had gone to make his morning sermon. Contrary to his usual custom, he stood there without any notes of any sort. I scarcely dared to hope that he would be able to do himself justice. Yet the first words of his text had scarcely left his lips when some premonition of what was to come sent a strange thrill through all my nerves. "The wages of sin is death." No words could give any idea of the marvelous yet altogether effortless solemnity with which these words passed from my father's lips. Scarcely uttered above a whisper, they yet penetrated to the utmost corners of the little church. Was it really intense earnestness or a wonderful knowledge and appreciation of true dramatic effect which made him close the book with a slow movement of the forefinger and stand up there amongst the deep shadows as pale as the surplice which hung around his pale form? Yet when he spoke his voice did not tremble or falter. His words, tense with life, all vibrating with hidden fire, penetrated easily to the furthest and darkest corner of the building.

"The wages of sin—the eternal torment of a conscience never sleeping, never weary!" It was of that he went on to speak. I can scarcely remember so much as a single sentence of that sermon, although its effect upon myself and those who formed the congregation of listeners is a memory which even now thrills me. From those few opening words, pregnant as they were with dramatic force, and lit with the fire of true eloquence, not for one moment did the attention of the little congregation wander. A leaf could have been heard to drop in the church, the rustle of a pocket-handkerchief was a perfectly audible sound. Not even a child looked sideways to watch the dark ivy waving softly against the stained-glass windows or wondered at the strange pattern which a ray of dying sunlight had traced upon the bare stone aisles. There was something personal—something like the cry of human sorrow itself in that slow, passionate outpouring. Was it by any chance a confession or an accusation to which we were listening? It was on the universality of sin of which my father spoke with such heart-moving emphasis. Our lives were like cupboards having many chambers, some of which were open indeed to the daylight and to the gaze of all men, but there were others jealously closed and locked. We could make their outside beautiful, we could keep the eyes of all men from penetrating beneath that fair exterior. We could lock them with a cunning and secret key, so that no hand save our own could lay bare the grisly spectre that lurked within. Yet our own knowledge, or what we had grown to call conscience, sat in our hearts and mocked us. Sometime the great white light swept into the hidden places, there was a tug at our heartstrings and behold the seal had fallen away. And in that church, my father added slowly, "he doubted whether anyone could say that within him those dark places were not."

Suddenly his calm, tense eloquence became touched with passion. His pale face gleamed, and his eyes were lit with an inward fire. Gesture and tone moved to the beat of a deeper and more subtle rhetoric. He was pleading for those whose sin beat about in their bosoms and lay like a dark shadow across all the sweet places of life. Passionate and more passionate he grew. He was pleading—for whom? We listened entranced. His terrible earnestness passed like an electric thrill into the hearts of all of us. Several women were crying softly; men sat there with bowed heads, face to face with ghosts long since buried. Bruce Deville was sitting back in his corner with folded arms and downcast head. Adelaide Fortress was looking steadfastly up towards that pale, inspired figure, with soft, wet eyes. Even the Bishop was deeply moved, and was listening to every word. For my part there was a great lump in my throat. The sense of some terrible reality behind my father's impassioned words had left me pale and trembling. A subtle sense of excitement stole through the church. When he paused for a moment before his concluding sentence, there was something almost like a murmur amongst the congregation, followed by another period of breathless suspense.

In the midst of that deep hush a faint sound attracted me. My seat was on a level with the open door, and I glanced out. A man was leaning against the porch—a man in very grievous condition. His clothes were disordered and torn, and there was a great stain on the front of his coat. I alone had gazed away from the preacher in the pulpit towards him, and whilst I looked the sound which had first attracted me was repeated. A low, faint moan, scarcely louder than a whisper, passed from between his lips. He stood there supporting himself with his hands against the wall. His lined face was turned towards me, and, with a thrill of horror, I recognized him. I half rose from my seat. The man was either ill or dying. He seemed to be making frantic signs to me. I tried my utmost to signal to Mr. Charlsworth, but, like all the rest, his eyes seemed riveted upon the pulpit. Before I could leave my seat, or attract anyone's attention, he had staggered through the door into the church itself. He stood leaning upon a vacant chair, a wild, disordered object, with blood stains upon his hands and clothes, and his dark eyes red and gleaming fiercely beneath his wind-tossed mass of black hair.

So fascinated was the congregation that save myself only one or two stray people had noticed him. He stood amongst the shadows, and only I, to whom his profile appeared against the background of the open door, was able to mark the full and terrible disorder of his person. And while I waited, numb with some nameless fear, the preacher's voice rang once more through the building, and men and women bowed their heads before the sweet, lingering passion of those sad words.

"The wages of sin is death. For all things may pass away save sin. Sin alone is eternal. Sin alone must stamp itself wherever it touches with an undying and everlasting mark. Retribution is like the tides of the sea, which no man's hand can stay; and Death rides his barque upon the rolling waves. You and I and every man and woman in this world whom sin has known—alas! that there should be so many—have looked into his marble face, have felt the touch of his pitiless hands, and the cold despair of his unloving embrace. For there is Death spiritual and Death physical, and many of us who bear no traces of our past in the present of today, have fought our grim battle with the death—the—death——"

And then my father's words died away upon his lips, and the whole congregation knew what had already thrown me into an agony of terror. The man had staggered to the bottom of the aisle, and the sound of his shuffling movements, and the deep groan which accompanied them, had drawn many eyes towards him. His awful plight stood revealed with pitiless distinctness in the open space where he was now standing. The red blood dripped from his clothing upon the bare stone floor, a foam which was like the foam of death frothed at his lips. He stood there, the focus of all horrified eyes, swaying to and fro as though on the eve of collapse, his arms outstretched, and his eyes flashing red fire upon the thin, almost spectral-like figure of the preacher now leaning over towards him from the pulpit. The slight color forced into my father's cheeks by the physical effort of his impassioned oratory died away. To his very lips he was white as the surplice he wore. Yet he did not lose his nerve or falter for a moment. He motioned to Mr. Charlsworth and the other churchwardens, and both left their places and hurried down the aisle towards the wild, tragical-looking figure. Just as they reached him the cry which his lips had twice declined to utter burst out upon the tense, breathless silence. He made a convulsive movement forward as though to spring like a wildcat upon that calm, dignified figure looking down upon him with unfaltering and unflinching gaze.

"Judas! you, Judas! Oh, my God!"

His hands, thrown wildly out, fell to his side. He sank back into the arms of one of those who had hurried from their places at my father's gesture. A last cry, more awful than anything I have ever heard, woke hideous echoes amongst the wormeaten, black oak beams, and before it had died away, I saw Adelaide Fortress glide like a black wraith from her seat and fall on her knees by the fainting man's side. My father lifted up his arms, and with a deep, solemn tremor in his tone pronounced the benediction. Then, with his surplice flying round him, he came swiftly down the aisle between the little crowd of horrified people. They all fell back at his approach. He sank on one knee by the side of the prostrate man and looked steadfastly into his face. The congregation all waited in their places, and Alice, who was only partly aware of what was going on, commenced to play a soft voluntary.

There was some whispering for a moment or two, then they lifted him up and carried the lifeless body out into the open air.

My father followed close behind. For a few minutes there was an uneasy silence. People forgot that the benediction had been pronounced, and were uncertain whether to go or stay. Then some one made a start, and one by one they got up and left the church.

Lady Naselton paused and sat by my side for a moment. She was trembling all over.

"Do you know who it was?" she whispered.

I shook my head.

"I am not sure. It was a stranger; was it not?"

She shuddered.

"It was either a stranger, or my guest, Mr. Berdenstein. I only caught a glimpse of his face for a moment, and I could not be sure. He looked so horrible."

She paused, and suddenly discovered that I was half fainting. "Come out into the air," she whispered. I got up and went out with her just in time.

They had carried him into a distant corner of the churchyard. My father, when he saw us standing together in a little group, came slowly over as though to check our further advance. His face was haggard and drawn. He seemed to walk with difficulty, and underneath his surplice I could see that one hand was pressed to his side.

"The man is dead," he said quietly. "There must have been an accident or a fight. No one seems to know where he came from."

"I wonder," remarked the Bishop, thoughtfully, "why he should have dragged himself up to the church in such a plight. One of those cottages or the Vicarage would have been nearer."

"Pthaps," my father answered, gravely, "he was struggling for sanctuary."

And the Bishop held up his right hand towards the sky with a solemn gesture.

"God grant that he may have found it," he prayed.

(To Be Continued.)

THE SLAVE of SILENCE

BY F. M. WHITE

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"44791," Field said, "and the date."

"Never mind dates, that is quite immaterial, Mr. Field. You have us now. That stamped parchment was sold early this morning, just after the office was open—why, I must have sold it myself. Yes; there is no mistake."

With a grim smile on his face, Field drove back to London. He began to see his way clearer to the end of the mystery now.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The cab with Mary Sartoris inside jolted along behind the other one, and presently Mary was greatly relieved to find that her horse was going the faster of the two. She bitterly blamed herself now for her folly in not waiting to see Beatrice, and still more so for trusting so important a letter in the hands of a mere servant.

But it was idle to repine over the thing now. The mischief had been done and the great thing was to repair it as soon as possible. As Mary's mind emerged from the haze in which it had been enveloped for the last few days, she began to see things more clearly. Now she realized that she had no settled plan of action when she set out to see Beatrice. She would have had to tell her everything or nothing had they met, and she could not have done this without making certain disclosures about her brother. She saw now that it would have been far better to have destroyed the letter and said nothing about it.

But then Mary could not tell a deliberate lie of that kind, and Carl Sartoris would have been pretty sure to have asked the question. He was pleased to regard his sister more or less in the light of a fool, but he did not trust her any the more for that.

Mary lay back in the cab and resigned herself to the inevitable. It was good to feel that she was leaving the others behind now, and her spirits rose accordingly. If she could only get to Wandsworth before the precious pair, she would be all right, provided always that Beatrice had not been in front of her. But as most of the trains were usually late there was more than a chance of success in this direction. The girl was nearing her destination now. She lifted the shutter on the top of the cab and asked if the other cab was at any distance. There was a queer sort of a grin on the cabman's face, as he answered.

"About five hundred yards, miss," he said. "Something seems to have gone wrong with them. So far as I can see the cab has lost a tire."

The other cab had stopped, and something like an altercation was going on between the fare and the driver.

Mary had not far to go now, and she decided that it would be safer to walk the rest of the distance. There was a little crowd gathered behind her and a policeman's helmet in the center of it. Truly fortune was playing on her side now.

It was not very far to the house; there it stood dark and silent, with no light showing in the garden in front. Mary felt pretty sure that she was in time. Then the front door of the house opened, there was a sight of the hall in a blaze of light, and in the foreground the figure of a woman standing on the doorstep.

Mary gave a groan and staggered back with her hand to her head.

"What a piece of cruel misfortune," she exclaimed passionately. "Another minute and I should have been in time. Why did I not drive up to the house? My over-caution has spoiled it all. I am sure that was Beatrice Richford."

The door of the house closed and the figure of the woman disappeared inside. Mary had had all her trouble for nothing. Not only was Beatrice more or less of a prisoner there, but those thieves were pressing on behind. What was the best thing to be done now, with Beatrice exposed to the double danger? Mary racked her weary brains in vain. And in a few minutes at the outside the others would be here. It seemed impossible to do anything to save Beatrice from this two-edged peril. Mary started as she caught sight of a figure coming up the front garden. It was a stealthy figure and the man evidently did not want to be seen. As he caught sight of Mary he stopped. It was too dark to distinguish anything but his outline.

"Beatrice," the man said in a tone of deep relief. "Thank God, I have come in time."

Mary did not know whether to be pleased or alarmed. Evidently the man was some friend of Beatrice who had obtained an inkling of her danger and had come to save her. On the whole it seemed to Mary that she had an ally here.

"I am afraid you are mistaken," she whispered. "I am not Beatrice Richford. But I am doing my best for the young lady all the same. She is——"

"Don't say that she is in the house?" the man said in a muffled tone.

"Alas, that I can say nothing else," Mary replied. "I was too late. Mrs. Richford had just entered the doorway as I came up. If you will tell me your name——"

"Perhaps I had better," the stranger said after a minute's hesitation. "I am Mark Ventmore; perhaps you have heard of me."

Mary gave a little sigh of relief. She knew all about Mark Ventmore. Here indeed was a man who would be ready to help her. She drew a little nearer to him.

"And I am Mary Sartoris," she said. "If you have heard of me——"

"Oh, yes, you are the sister of that—I mean Carl Sartoris is your brother. But surely you are altogether innocent of the—the strange things that——"

"I am innocent of everything," said Mary passionately. "I have wasted my life clinging to a man in the faint hope of bringing him back to truth and honor again. I am beginning to see now that I am having my trouble for my pains, Mr. Ventmore. Suffice

WOMEN WORKERS INCREASE

In 1870 there was just 14 women architects, draftsmen, and designers in the United States! In 1900, ten hundred and forty-one! Artists and teachers of art, from 412 in 1870 to 11,021 in 1900! Clergymen from 67 to 3,373! Dentists from 24 to 807! Journalists from 35 to 2,193! Lawyers from 5 (just five) to 1,010! "Literary and scientific persons" from 159 to 5,894! Musicians from 5,753 to 52,359! Government officials (note this particularly) from 414 to 8,119! Doctors (in spite of the long ignorant clamor about "henmedics") from 527 to 7,387! And teachers (accomplishing unchecked, as long as men cannot be bribed away from commercial pursuits to perform their uplifting task of masculinization, the feminization of our schools) from 84,047 in 1870 to 327,614 in 1900!

The gains in "Trade and Transportation" are even more marvelous than those in "Professional Service."

Office Force Increases.

In the year 1870 all the women bookkeepers, accountants, clerks, copyists, stenographers and typewriters in this country were lumped together by the census office and turned out to number 8,023! In 1900 they were sifted apart, but if they should be thrown back together again into the same column they would show up with a membership of 245,517!

Women agents in 1870 amounted to 97. In 1900 they amounted to 10,566!

"Women office boys" (the diction is taken from the census) existed in 1870 to the number of 60. In 1900 they had grown to be 6,663. And if they should acquire all the positions now held by that most appallingly inefficient element in our population, "men office boys," there would be few business men who would have cause to weep.

Many Saleswomen.

In 1870 there were 2,775 women who were allowed to be saleswomen. In 1900 there were 149,230!

The gain made by women in these various occupations in "Professional Service" and in "Trade and Tarnsportation" have been great enough to affect profoundly the sex character of each group as a whole.

In 1870 out of every 1,000 persons engade in "Professional Service," 248 were women. In 1900, 342 were women!

In 1870 out of every 1,000 persons engaged in "Trade and Transportation," only 16 were women. In 1900, 106 were women!—Everybody's.

Much in Little.

China has just completed its first school of forestry.

Messina's end stops the picturesque parades of the bandits from nearby mountains.

There are nearly two women to every man teaching in New York's secondary schools.

Telephones are to be introduced into the Turkish empire and operated by the government.

After dropping a nickel in the slot of a new machine, a brush cleans and polishes patrons' shoes.

The removal of factories has cut the population of Brockton, Mass., nearly 20,000 in 10 years.

A California company has secured 100 pounds of aus paddy rice from Bengal and will try to raise the grain.

British capitalists have applied to the Turkish government for a concession covering the oil fields of Bagdad and Mosul.

A gun for throwing a lifeline to a wrecked vessel by the use of air compressed by hand is a recent English invention.

A fortune awaits the man who rediscovers the lost art of the Saracens, who made sword blades that could cut in two the best Sheffield blades of the present day.

An estimate by the geological survey places the country's production of Portland cement in 1908 at 40,000,000 barrels, a decrease from 1907 of nearly 20 per cent.

The recipe for Worcestershire sauce, which has made an English firm wealthy and famous, was the secret in an old English family for generations. A butler sold it for a small amount.

HOW EUROPE VIEWS WAR SCARE

Spirit of War—"Shall I get my prey? or will Messina make the nations stop and think?"
—Punch (London).

War—"Come, wake up, old man!"
Death—"Let me rest awhile. I'm just back from Messina."
—Rire (Paris).

ENOUGH BLOODSHED.

WAR STRENGTH OF ENGLAND AND GERMANY

	Available for Active Service.	Reserves.	Total War Strength.	Available Unorganized.
Germany	617,000	1,223,000	1,840,000	1,900,000
England	250,000	489,000	739,000	1,700,000

Comparison of fighting strength on sea.

Although Germany has a larger land force than England, King Edward's navy is more than twice the size of that of the German ruler's.

Great Britain has a total of 511 ships of war, among which are 55 modern battleships and two others a little older in style; 158 torpedo boat destroyers, 167 torpedo boats, nine scout ships and 61 submarines.

Germany has a total of 231 warships, of which 24 are modern first-class battleships, 41 torpedo boats and 33 torpedo-boat destroyers.

England has 99,679 officers and men on her battleships, with a naval reserve of 23,000; Germany's fighting force on board her ships is 33,500, with a naval reserve of 110,000 men.

GERMANY'S ANGEL OF DOMESTIC PEACE.
—Lustige Blaetter (Berlin).

Cheap Wireless Service

According to a contemporary, Signor Marconi is said to have stated that a wireless telegraphic service at two cents per word will shortly be in operation between England and Italy. France, it is said, objected to the scheme originally, as telegrams between England and Italy pass over her lines at present, but has since withdrawn her opposition. It is stated that the service will be commenced as soon as the wireless station at Coltano is completed.

Brilliants.

What's the use o' folks a-frownin'
When the way's a little rough?
Frowns lay out the road fur smilin';
You'll be wrinkled soon enough.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

—Harriet Eleanor King.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient or physicians, who content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable health restoring properties in the most distressing cases.

Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you are obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, headache, back ache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease may be stealing upon you, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Swamp-Root is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best.

Swamp-Root is always kept up to its high standard of purity and excellence. A sworn certificate of purity with every bottle.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Toledo Weekly Blade. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

it for the present to say that Mrs. Richford stands in great peril."

"Oh, I know that," Ventmore said hoarsely. "I got that information from Bentwood, the scoundrel! At the instigation of Inspector Field, who has pretty well posted me on recent doings, I have been following that rascal pretty well all day. We won't say anything about Berrington, who I understand is more or less of a prisoner in your brother's house, because Berrington is the kind of man who can take care of himself. But Beatrice is in peril—Bentwood told me that. The fellow's brains are in a state of muddle so I could not get the truth from him. It was something about a case of diamonds."

"Yes, yes," Mary said. "The diamonds that Mr. Richford gave his wife for a wedding present. Mr. Richford has got himself into severe trouble."

"Richford is a disgraced and ruined man. The police are after him."

"So I gathered. He is now in the disguise of an elderly gentleman, and at present he is——"

"Hiding in that house at Edward street," Mark cried. "I saw him with Bentwood. But what has he to do with those diamonds?"

"Everything. I overheard the plot laid," Mary proceeded to explain. "Mr. Richford went to his wife and demanded the diamonds. He wanted to raise money so that he could go away in comfort and luxury. He told his wife exactly how he was situated. She refused to comply with the request on the ground that the stones belonged to Mr. Richford's creditors. Then unhappily, Mrs. Richford withdrew the diamonds from the custody of the hotel officials, being afraid that there would be a bother over them or something of that kind. Richford watched her do it. Then he met two accomplices who recently passed as General Gastang and Countess de la Moray, and the plot was laid. Mrs. Richford was to come here."

"But in the name of fortune, why was she to come here?" Mark asked.

"Perhaps I had better be a little more candid with you," Mary sighed. "There is a scheme on foot between my brother and some of the gang to gain possession of certain papers that belonged to Sir Charles Darryll. There keys, too, which Mrs. Richford is known to possess. I don't quite know what the scheme is."

"Anyway I can give a pretty good guess," Mark said. "My father has been very ill and he sent for me. We have not been very good friends, my father and I, because I turned my back on the city for the sake of art. But all that is past now, and we have become reunited. My father seems to know a great deal about Sir Charles' affairs—something about a ruby mine or something of that kind. Anyway, I'm to get my information from Mr. Fleming, who is my father's solicitor. But I am afraid that I am interrupting you."

"There is not much more to tell," Mary went on. "Colonel Berrington was induced to write a letter to Mrs. Richford asking her to come here and see my brother."

"Berrington must have been mad to think of such a thing!"

"No, he did it at my instigation. I managed to communicate with him and assure him that no harm should come of it. No harm would have come of it if I had only kept my head and done the right thing. But the fact remains that Mrs. Richford is in there; she has those diamonds in her pocket and the thieves are one the track. It seems to me——"

Mary did not finish the sentence, for Mark held out a hand and pulled her behind a bush, just in time, as two other people came up the path. There was no occasion to tell either of the watchers that here were the people of whom they were talking. The man Reggie and the woman Cora were standing on the doorstep whispering together. It was quite a still night and the other two behind the bushes could hear every word that was said.

"So far, so good," the man was saying. "We've got here and we are pretty sure that our bird is securely caged, but what next?"

"Wait our chance," the woman said with a certain fierce indrawing of her breath. "We can appear to have come here by accident, for instructions, anything. So long as Sartoris does not know about those stones we are safe. When we get them——"

"When we get them, Richford can whistle for his share of the money," the man said coolly. "By this time tomorrow we shall be in possession of more money than we have ever had before. I don't like this present business, it's far too dangerous. Unless we go so far as to murder that fellow Berrington and get him out of the way——"

"Don't," the woman said with a shudder. "I hate that kind of work. Anything clever or cunning, anything requiring audacity, I can do with. But violence!"

She shuddered again, and the man laughed softly as if greatly pleased with some idea of his.

"There is going to be no more violence or anything else," he said. "This game has got far too dangerous. We'll change those stones into money and then we'll quietly vanish and leave our good friend Sartoris to his own devices. What do you say to that?"

"Amen, with all my heart," the girl said. "The sooner the better. But don't forget that we have not yet settled on a plan of action."

"Leave it to chance," the man replied. "We have all the knowledge that is necessary to the success of our scheme, and the girl knows nothing. She will not stay very long, it is getting late already. Suppose we pretend that we have a cab waiting to take us back to town, and suppose we offer to give her a lift. Then that scent of yours——" The woman called Cora laughed and clapped her hands gleefully. It was an idea after her own heart. She patted her companion affectionately on the shoulder.

"Come along, then," she said. "Open the door with your latchkey. It's getting cold and I am longing for something to eat. This kind of thing makes me hungry."

The door opened and then closed again softly, and the conspirators had vanished. With a gesture of anger Mark strode towards the house, Mary following.

"What on earth are you going to do?" she said anxiously. "Will you spoil everything by your impatience? If you only realized the dangers that lie hidden yonder!"

Mark paused abruptly and bit his lip. The trouble was not over yet.

CHAPTER XXX.

Meanwhile, absolutely unconscious of the dangers that were rapidly closing around her. Beatrice took her way to Wandsworth. Richford had been ingenious enough to see that Beatrice would go down by rail, as she had very little money to spare, so that if they desired it, the two conspirators could have got there before her. But there was no occasion for that, seeing that Beatrice had the treasure in her pocket and Sartoris was none the wiser.

Richford would have gone far at that moment to spite Sartoris. He had tried to play the latter false over the scheme that they had in hand together, and Sartoris had found him out. The latter made it a rule never to trust anybody, and he had been suspicious of Richford from the first. He had known exactly how Richford's affairs stood, he had seen that a sudden blow dealt at him now would pull the whole structure down and ruin it forever. And without the smallest feeling in the matter, Sartoris had done this thing. But for him Richford could have pulled around again, as Sartoris had been aware.

But Sartoris had had enough of his ally and in this way he got rid of him altogether. Richford dared not show his face again; he would have to leave the country and never return. Sartoris chuckled to himself as he thought of this.

He was on extremely good terms with himself when Beatrice called. She had not given the letter from Berrington very much consideration, though she was a little surprised at the address. Doubtless the matter had something to do with her father, the girl thought. The mystery of that strange disappearance was getting on her nerves sadly.

Rather timidly the girl knocke at the door of the gloomy looking house, which was opened after a pause by a little man in an invalid chair. Beatrice looked at him in surprise. She gained some courage from a quick glance at the hall with its electric lights and fine pictures and the magnificent flowers in pots and vases everywhere. It seemed to Beatrice that only a woman could be responsible for this good taste, and she took heart accordingly. No desperate characters could occupy a house like this, she told herself, and in any case a helpless little man in a chair could not prove a formidable antagonist.

"I hope I have not made any mistake," she said. "If this is 100, Audley Place——"

"This is 100, Audley Place, Mrs. Richford," the little man said. "Will you be so good as to come this way and shut the door. I have been expecting you."

"It was a letter that I received from my friend, Colonel Berrington," Beatrice said. "He asked me to call and see him here. I hope he is not ill."

"I have not noticed any signs of illness," Sartoris said drily. "I have no doubt that the colonel had very good reasons for asking you to come here, in fact he did so to oblige me. The colonel is out at present. He is staying with me, being fond of the air of the place. I dare say he will be back before you go."

Beatrice nodded in bewildered fashion. In some vague way it seemed to her that her host was making fun of her, there was just a faint suggestion of mockery in his tones. Was there any plot against her on foot, Beatrice wondered. But nobody could possibly know of the diamonds in her pocket; besides, she had received the letter before she had thought of removing those diamonds from the custody of the hotel people. Again, as to the genuineness of Berrington's letter she did not entertain the shadow of a doubt. Nobody, not even an expert, could succeed in making a successful forgery of the dashing handwriting of Berrington.

"If you will come this way," Sartoris said quietly, "we shall be more comfortable. As the evening is by no means warm you will perhaps not object to the temperature of my room. If you are fond of flowers, you may admire it."

A little cry of admiration broke from Beatrice at the sight of the conservatory room. She had forgotten all her fears for the moment. Gradually she let the atmosphere of the place steal over her. She found that she was replying to a lot of searching questions as to her past and the past of her father, Sir Charles. No, she had no papers, nor did she know where to find those keys. She wondered what this man was driving at.

"I knew your father very well at one time," he said. "I saw a great deal of him in India. In fact he and I were in more than one expedition together."

"What year was that?" Beatrice asked quite innocently.

To her surprise Sartoris gave signs of irritation and anger. He turned it off a moment later by an allusion to neuralgia, but Beatrice was not quite satisfied. Why did this man want the key of a certain desk, and why did he require a bundle of papers in a blue envelope therefrom? Beatrice resolved to be on her guard.

"I will do what I can for you," she said. "If you can come and see me."

"I am afraid that is impossible," said Sartoris, who had lapsed into his bland manner once more. "I am sensitive of people's remarks and all that kind of thing. I dare say you will think that I am morbidly self-conscious, but then I have not always been a cripple. I was as straight as yourself once. Fancy a little crooked figure like me in a hansom cab!"

Beatrice started violently. The words had recalled a painful time to her. She recollected now with vivid force that on the night of Sir Charles' disappearance a little crooked man in a hansom cab had been the directing party in the outrage.

The girl's instinct had led her swiftly to the truth. She felt, as sure as if she had been told, that this man before her was at the bottom of this business. She knew that she stood face to face with the man who had stolen the body of Sir Charles Darryll. For a moment Beatrice fought hard with the feeling that she was going to faint. Her eyes dilated and she looked across at the man opposite. He was lying back in his chair feasting his eyes upon her beauty, so that the subtle change in the girl's face was not lost upon him.

"I seem to have alarmed you about something," he said. "What was it? Surely the spectacle of a crooked little man like me in a hansom cab is not so dreadful as all that. And yet those words must have touched upon a chord somewhere."

"It—it recalled my father to me," Beatrice stammered. "The police found certain things out. They discovered the night my father disappeared that outside the hotel was a black hansom cab with a man inside who was a cripple."

"You don't mean to say that!" Sartoris cried.

In his turn he had almost betrayed himself. He could have cursed himself aloud now. As it was, he forced an unsteady smile to his lips.

"I mean to say that the police are very clever at that kind of thing," he went on. "But surely you would not possibly identify me or my remark with the monster in question! There are a great many people in this big London of ours who would answer to that description. Now, tell me, did the police find anything more out?"

The question was eager, despite the fact that Sartoris imparted a laugh into it. But Beatrice was not to be drawn any further. She felt absolutely certain of the fact that she was talking to the real culprit who was picking her brain so that he could get at the bottom of what the police had discovered, with an eye to the future.

"Really, I don't know," the girl said coldly. "That is all that I ever heard. The police I find are very close over these matters, and in any case they do not usually choose a woman as their confidant. You had beter ask Colonel Berrington."

It was an unfortunate remark in more senses than one. Beatrice did not quite realize how quick and clever was the man to whom she was talking. If his instinct had told him much his cleverness had told him more. Berrington was in the confidence of the police. And Sartoris had imagined that the soldier was working out the problem on his own behalf. He had counted, too, on Berrington's affection for Mary to do as little harm as possible.

"I'll ask the colonel," he said between his teeth. "Oh, yes, I will certainly do that. What are you looking at so closely?"

Beatrice had risen to her feet in her eagerness. She pointed to two cabinet photographs.

"Those people," she stammered. "Why, I know them. They call themselves Countess de la Moray and General Gastang. They were staying at the Royal Palace hotel the night of the tragedy. They pretended to know me and all about me. I am quite sure that they are actors in disguise. But seeing that you know them——"

Sartoris turned away his face for a moment, so that Beatrice could not see its evil expression. He cursed himself for his inane folly. But he was quick to rise to the situation.

"A very strange thing," he said. "As a matter of fact, I don't know those people. But some friends of mine in Paris were their victims some little time ago, and they were anxious that the police here should be warned, as the precious pair had fled to England. Perhaps they were proud of this guise, perhaps their vanity impelled them, but they had these photographs taken and my friends got copies and sent them to me. They only arrived today or they would not be here. They will go to Scotland Yard in the morning."

Beatrice inclined her head coldly. She knew the whole thing was a quick and ready lie, and she could not for the life of her pretend to believe it. She buttoned her jacket about her and stood up.

"I will not detain you any longer," she said. "If I can find what you desire I will let you know. I can find my own way to the door."

"Wait till Berrington returns," Sartoris urged. "He will not be long. He is not in the house yet, but he will be be sorry he has missed you."

Beatrice stood before the glass putting her hat on straight. She could see over her shoulder in the direction of the door, and there, in the gloom, with his finger to his lips stood Berrington. There was just a question of surprise in his eyes, surprise and annoyance, but the look which he passed the girl was a command to keep herself well in hand. The mere fact that help was so near gave her new courage. She smiled as she turned to Sartoris.

"Well, I am afraid that I must be going," she said. "Please tell the colonel when he comes in that I am sorry to have missed him. He will understand that."

There was a faint click of a key in the front door, and two people came noisily in. They were a young and handsome man and an equally young and handsome woman, well dressed, smartly groomed, and well bred. And yet, though they were strangers to Beatrice, they were at the same time curiously familiar. The girl was trying to recall where she had seen them both before.

"We are rather late," the man said with a wink at Sartoris. "Business detained us. Yes, we are also rather hungry, having had no dinner to speak of. Hullo, I say, look here. Do you mean to say that you are fool enough to keep our photographs in our very latest disguise?"

Something like an oath broke from Sartoris as he glanced at Beatrice. The girl could not control herself for the moment; she could not hide from Sartoris and the others that she knew now that she was in the presence of Countess de la Moray and General Gastang in their proper person.

"Those are not your photographs at all," Sartoris croaked. "As a matter of fact I only got them from Paris today. If you will——"

The speaker paused as Beatrice was stepping toward the door. All of them realized that she knew everything. Sartoris made a sign and the man Reggie stood between Beatrice and the door.

(To Be Continued.)

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

CHURCH PROBLEMS OLD AND NEW

The International Sunday School Lesson for February 14 Is, "The Apostles Imprisoned." Acts 5: 17-42.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Times have changed since the apostles went to jail for naming the Name. So have the problems of Christianity. In that earlier day the problems of religion were chiefly from without. They arose from the hostility of the big world. Men suspected and feared this new religion. They hated the gentle Christians, often for their very goodness. Frequently jealousy was the animus of their opposition and persecution, as in the instance that is being studied this week by the Sunday schools. All this outward opposition but served to solidify the body of believers, and to intensify their faith in their Gospel.

Now the church's problems chiefly arise from within. They are problems due to her own wealth, and social standing, and widespread power, and self-indulgence, and worldliness, and inert self-complacency. The Christians of the twentieth century have to meet subtler and more difficult foes than the raging, jealous Pharisees who threw the apostles into jail shortly after Pentecost.

Evidently, problems of some kind must engage the vigilance and faith and courage of the church to the end of the chapter. Perhaps it is a tribute to her advanced powers that these more delicate and difficult foes should beset her in the latter days, rather than the simpler and more primitive ones that harried the apostolic church.

When Good Men Grow Jealous.

Like more than one of the stories of the news columns of today's paper, this episode had its springs in somebody's jealousy. The most aristocratic and powerful and professional religious men among the Jews were jealous of the humble Galilean band who were the leaders of the new Church of Christ. Does it shock us to find that good men should be jealous of other good men, who are engaged in nothing but beneficient work? Alas, we do not have to go back to old Jerusalem to find this spectacle. The church, as well as the world, is smitten with it in our own time.

One whose work brings him into contact with leaders in Christian effort is saddened at heart by the spectacle of the jealousy which may be found in higher ranks of Christian activity. Out of this passion spring actions which run counter to all the teachings of religion. Truly has jealousy been called a blind passion, for it closes the eyes of men to all the obligations of their higher, finer nature. A leader in religion, politics, society, business, or the stage will stoop to actions, when prompted by jealousy, which he could not in a sane moment contemplate with horror. It was very low that these distinguished doctors of the law sank when they allowed their jealousy to cause them to violate the law they taught, and to put in bond the followers of Jesus.

When Prison Doors Are Vain.

No prison can hold a free spirit. Time after time, in historic instances, the great and the progressive have been thrust into dungeons; but the truth which they taught has never been imprisoned. The very act of attempting to confine it seems to strengthen its pinions and make it soar more widely, even as autocratic Russia is finding today. Whoever goes into bond or endures persecution for the truth's sake, thereby becomes a special charge of Jehovah, whose other name is Truth. God will either take such a one out of jail, or so increase his power in jail that the imprisonment will be an act of service to the cause of truth.

In the case of the lowly band of apostles who were thrust into the common prison of the temple, the doors were opened, and they were led out by an angel of the Lord. They were instructed to do an audacious deed; such, however, as we have learned to expect from these fearless men. "Go," said the angel, "and take your stand in the temple courts and tell the people all you have to say about the new life." Of course, this was risking repeated arrest, with added penalty for having defied the authorities. The event proved, however, that the very boldness of the step meant the liberty of the prisoners. Moreover, when men need to hear of life, and other men have the words of life, nothing—absolutely nothing—may be permitted to stand in the way of the latter's declaring, in season and out of season, their good news.

Who Was Scared?

I once saw a Dowieite preaching upon a street corner, in defiance of direct instructions from the police authorities, and he was constantly looking over his shoulder for the expected policeman. Do you supopse that that is the way the apostles spoke, furtively glancing around every moment to see if some one was coming to arrest them? Were they scared by their own temerity, as well as by the prospect of added punishment? Assuredly not. Probably they gave no further thought to the authorities, so engrossed were they in delivering to the ever-eager crowds the message of life.

The frightened ones were those high officials and administrators of the law. They did send to arrest the apostles, but their specific instructions to the police were that it was to be done quietly and without any violence, for the authorities themselves were afraid of the free people. Populaces have a way occasionally of rising up in vigorous championship of truth and free speech. Subsequent to the interview with the arrested men, there is a tentativeness and fearfulness discernible in the attitude of the authorities. Does this not sound like a whimper: "You have actually flooded Jerusalem with your teaching, and are wishing to make us responsible for the death of this Man?"

In contrast, note the almost bellicose attitude of the apostles, as they hurled back the unequivocal reply, with its attached charge: "We must obey God rather than men. The God of our ancestors has raised Jesus from the grave, whom you yourselves put to death by hanging Him on a cross." It was a grim fashion of the persecuted apostles to throw repeatedly into the teeth of their accusers the charge that they were the murderers of the Messiah. That was not an action of timorous men. It was possible, of course, for the authorities to put the Christians into jail; but in jail or out, the latter had in their hearts a peace and a liberty to which these ecclesiastical potentates were utterly strangers.

News Too Good to Keep.

Sometimes news just bubbles out of a person's lips. He is so full that he cannot restrain himself from speech. Barrie, in one of his stories, tells how the Scotch peasant had at last been accepted by his sweetheart, Vavinia. In his exuberance he hailed everybody he met, and told them the good news. He climbed a hill to an old woman's cottage, and said, "Old woman, I don't know who you are, but I just want to tell you that Gavinia will have me."

That is a lover to whom everybody's heart warms. And the same type of religion which cannot be repressed or concealed, which overflows as that was the case of the disciples, it filled all Jerusalem, is the religion that the world respects and studies. The one supreme business in life of these early Christian men and women was telling over and over the story of the crucified Christ. Wether they were in prison or at labor, or before a legal tribunal or a multitude of the populace, there sprang to their lips the good news of the crucified, which is the heart of the gospel of Acts.

Peter made a significant point in his answer to the Sanhedrin on this occasion: "We are witnesses of the truth of it, and so is the Holy Spirit." With quiet confidence, he postulated the tremendous assumption that the Christians were fellow partners with the spirit of God in bearing testimony to Jesus. Some one has said that every Christian who undertakes to tell the good news is a co-worker with God, a co-sufferer with Christ, and a co-witness with the Spirit. That should be dignity anu reward and work enough for any mortal, since the very angels in heaven may not lay claim to so high privilege. So permeated by the spirit of Jesus has the world become in the entire realm of intellectual life today it is admitted that every man owes the loftiest truths he knows to the farthest man who needs it, and whom he can reach.

Some Angry Judges.

Sometimes truth breaks hearts, or softens them; but sometimes it only hardens the hearts of the hateful. The Sanhedrin grew furious upon hearing the words of Peter. They wanted to put him to death, as illegally as they had a few years before put to death his master.

Among them was a wise man, Doctor Gamaliel, who applied a test and uttered a warning that are universally true. He said: "Let them alone—for if these designs and these proceedings are only of human origin, they will come to an end; but if they are of divine origin, you will be powerless to end them." That test Christianity has stood. The Sanhedrin was powerless to arrest the growth of the little church. So was mighty Rome. So was all heathendom. So was all infidel learning. So were the powers of darkness themselves.

The warning which Gamaliel added bade them to beware lest they find themselves fighting God. So long as in any cause or under any banner a man fights on God's side, he can be happy, free, and successful. The minute he finds himself, in his heart or in open conflict, arrayed against God, then misery and failure are certain to ensue.

Arrogantly and unwarrantably flogging the disciples, the council grudgingly discharged them, because they were afraid to do otherwise. The apostles left the council chamber, sore but satisfied, heedless of the flogging, and rejoicing that they had had the honor to be disgraced in support of the cause. Without regard to the impotent commands of the rulers, they continued to fulfill their great life ambition, as the narrative runs: "Never for a single day, either in the temple or in private houses, did they discontinue teaching or telling the good news of Jesus, the Christ."

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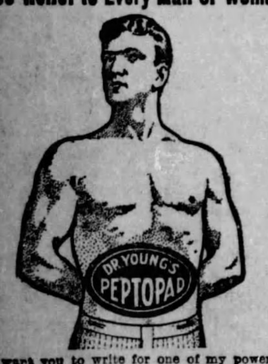

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How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-four years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of them. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

Goldfish by the Thousands.

St. Louis Democrat.

In spite of a temperature of 10 degrees below zero, which formed ice seven inches in thickness on the Illinois river at this point, the artificial lake in Glen Oak Park, one and a half acres in area, has not frozen over. Usually this lake is the most popular skating resort in the city, and a curious reason has been found why it is not frozen over.

Eight years ago the park board purchased several hundred goldfish, of a variety which grow to a considerable size. These fish have multiplied with astonishing rapidity, until it is estimated by Secretary B. F. Cartwright, of the park board, that 100,000 now swarm the lake. Some of these fish have attained a size of two pounds.

In their efforts to get air when the first skim of ice appears, these fish rise to the surface and the water is kept constantly disturbed. Thousands of them can be seen from the shores of the lake, swimming in schools and "milling" in circles all over the surface of the water.

BOTH GAINED

By Change to Postum.

"We have given Postum over a year's trial," writes a Wis. lady, "and our only regret is that we did not try it before. Previously we used coffee twice a day and were very fond of it.

"My husband has been subject to severe attacks of sick headache for years and at such times could not endure the sight or smell of coffee. This led me to suspect that coffee was the cause of his trouble.

"I was also troubled very much with acidity of the stomach and heart palpitation after meals. I had been doctoring for this but had not suspected that coffee was the cause.

"Finally we purchased some Postum and it did for me what the medicines had failed to do. The first day we used Postum I noticed less of my own trouble, the second day was entirely free from it and have never been troubled since.

"My husband has been entirely free from attacks of sick headache since he quit coffee and began to use Postum.

"I have heard people say they did not like the flavour of Postum, yet I have served it to them without detection, because it has the color and snappy coffee taste, similar to mild high-grade Java. This shows they had not made it right. When made according to directions on pkg., it is as delicious as coffee and beside it is wholesome."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Would like to know of a remedy for a mangy affection of cattle. The trouble is located principally around the eyes.—C., Bartlett, Iowa.

I have about thirty grapevines, which were set out eight years ago. For five years they did well, but during the past three years the grapes have rotted. Would like to know of a way to keep them from rotting.—P., Graysville, Tenn.

What can I do to relieve a calf that is afflicted with warbles?—R., Fancy Hill, Virginia.

Would be pleased to have a remedy for a horse that has the scratches.—A., Andrews, Ind.

My pet cat has some kind of a skin disease; pulls fur out in patches. Will someone tell me what to do for it?—B., Burgettstown, Pa.

What must I do for peach trees that have worms in the limbs where they branch?—W., Weston, O.

My mare has something wrong with one hind leg, between pastern joint and knee; it swells to an enormous size, but she is not lame. While at work the swelling reduces. Will somebody tell me the cause and give a remedy?—B., Czar, W. Va.

Will someone enlighten me on the subject of grafting? How to make grafting wax? Can apple sprouts be grafted on any other than apple trees? What time of the year is best for grafting?—H., Portland, Ind.

CELERY CULTURE

B., Westwood, Mich: Celery, when wild, grows in the water, but it can be grown most anywhere in small quantities. If you can command a low, mucky spot that is the place. It is worth some trouble to drain and cultivate such ground for this crop. Here they put lots of phosphate on the "muck" as an extensive marsh is called where hundreds of acres of celery are grown. A greenhouse is a good thing for the large grower. A box in a south window will do for a private garden. The seed starts slowly, so sow early. Any one who can grow good tomato plants will succeed. Some set the plants (1 ft. apart) in a ditch. This makes it easy to earth them up for blanching, but the plants grow better on the surface. Boards set up each side of the row and held by stakes with dirt filled in between as the plant grows is a good way for a small garden. Plants taken up with earth on the roots and set in close rows in the cellar will grow some and blanch some, they say.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

CHURNING TROUBLES

To inquirer in Farmstead: There are so many causes for trouble in churning that I am merely guessing at yours. Cream from freezing at all and set the jar near the stove some hours and let it get pretty warm before churning, or add hot water to the cream in the churn, or both. Put in some water and churn a little, then put in more, and so on, till butter comes. Winter churning is likely to be somewhat difficult.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

THE CALVES

R., Indian Valley, Va.: Your calves have a disease that spreads from a vegetable germ, and is contagious. Wet the spots with blue vitriol. They will recover when the hair sheds off without treatment.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

FRUIT AND EGGS

Consul Maxwell Blake, of Dunfermline, makes the following report on simple methods used in Great Britain to keep fruit and eggs fresh:

A correspondent in Stirlingshire writes me that he has recently conducted some successful experiments in reference to the packing of fruit for transit, without the aid of refrigeration; his method being simply to pluck the fruit at height of sun, to avoid all adhering dampness, and immediately pack in prepared cases containing granulated sugar. Care must be taken that the sugar utilized for the purpose is also quite devoid of moisture, and the cases should be so constructed as to be as nearly as possible impervious to atmospheric vapors. Both the sugar and the cases, as may be inferred, should be designed for and admit of constant reuse. My informant promises that successful results will follow the adoption of this method, although his experiments have been on such a small scale that he is unable to supply me with the fuller details of relative cost and exact structure of case.

The great fluctuation in the price of fresh eggs in Great Britain, ranging from 15 cents per dozen in summer to 60 to 75 cents per dozen in winter—and procured with difficulty even then—gives popularity to the economical practice of artificially preserving them during the cheap season; the most successful method employed by the householder being as follows:

Mix together in an earthenware jar 9 parts of boiled water, which has been thoroughly cooled, and 1 part of glass water. Glass water is obtained by fusing 2 parts of quartz sand with 1 of sodium carbonate, adding one-tenth part of small coal. Place the cool cleaned eggs into a jar and cover well with the liquid, continually adding sufficient liquid to keep the eggs entirely covered as others are added. Water glass can be purchased in this country of chemists, and generally bears on the labels the exact proportion to be used, varying from 3 to 10 per cent. Eggs preserved in this way are less brittle in the shell than those preserved in lime water, and will sometimes boil without cracking if a small pin-point aperture is made in them.

The proportions used for the lime preservative in Scotland are 20 gallons of water, 4 of lime, and 1 of salt. Allow to stand for a few hours, then pour it over the eggs in the same way as the water glass. A little lime should be added from time to time, during the period of preservation; otherwise, the solution will lose its strength. The eggs preserved in this way keep rough and brittle and must be handled carefully when taken out for use.

The popular method of preserving eggs by cold storage in the United States is not at all general in this country, and it is rather surprising that more has not been done along these lines.

When eggs are only required to be preserved for two or three months they keep very well packed in dry salt or bran. The meat of the egg may shrink and rattle within the shell when shaken, but its edibility is not impaired. Coating the egg with vaseline or butter will also keep it for a short time, or any application which effectively seals the pores of the shell and excludes air will prolong the freshness of eggs. If it is even momentarily submerged in boiling water, the albumen thereby becomes sufficiently coagulated to prevent the entrance of air. In some of the rural parts of this country eggs for home consumption are smutted over with a mixture of sulphur and lampblack, a cheap and effective preservative.

THE SAN JOSE SCALE

The San Jose scale is a very small, softbodied insect, which protects itself by means of a waxy covering that can not be penetrated except by strong, corrosive substances, which, to be effective, must be so strong that they will injure the tree if used when in full leaf. One can easily tell this pest by means of a small hand lens, but when present in large quantities it is plainly seen by the naked eye. The scalelike covering is almost round, and slightly pointed in the middle.

The winter, or late fall and early spring, while the trees and shrubs are dormant, are the best seasons to attack the pernicious pest. There are several solutions that can be sprayed on the tree—lime-sulphur wash, either home-made or the commercial sort, soluble oils, whale-oil soap, and kerosene oil or crude petroleum, emulsified, and used not stronger than 30 per cent on peaches and plums, nor stronger than 50 per cent on apples or pears.

Before spraying, prune the trees. This is a very important point, for where the insects are present in large numbers the limbs probably have been weakened to such an extent that they will die anyway. This weakening is not caused so much by the sucking of the sap—the trees could stand that loss without apparent damage—as by the poisoning effect of the saliva or secretion that they inject into the bark. One may easily see this secretion by the red spots that will appear when a thin shaving of the bark is scraped off.

The amount of pruning will vary with the extent of the damage. In extreme cases the badly infested branches should be cut back to stubs, a process aptly described as "dehorning." In peach trees this severe pruning will do no harm whatever, but the fact must be recognized that there is danger of apple and pear trees dying from such drastic treatment. However, as they would die anyway, and pruning gives them a chance for life, it is worth attempting.

Trees having a little scale should receive the amount of pruning that they ordinarily would get in the spring. Time is saved in spraying, and there is also a slight saving in material.

The kind of spray to use must be settled by the owner of the orchard. The two most valuable and effective washes are lime-sulphur wash and the soluble oils. Lime-sulphur wash is very effective, but it will not pay to go to the trouble of boiling it for a few trees, for this work is decidedly disagreeable. There are good lime-sulphur washes being prepared and sold in concentrated forms by reliable firms that are as valuable as the home-boiled material. One disadvantage of these ready-made washes is that there is no sediment in them, so that you can not tell whether or not you have covered every bit of the bark. This is easily overcome by putting a little lime in the ready-prepared wash, so that the trees, when dry, will show white wherever the wash has touched.

The soluble oils are as effective as the lime-sulphur wash, provided one buys a good brand. There are some poor brands on the market which should be avoided. The oils must be used in concentrated solutions and need only to be diluted according to directions. The small orchardist will find it a great saving of time to use the prepared lime-sulphur washes or the soluble oils.

People who wish to prepare the lime-sulphur wash at home must remember certain points. For instance, receptacles made of copper must not be used. The wash will eat through this material while it is boiling. Use an iron or brass kettle. Into it put two or three palfuls of water, and, when it has become warm, add seventeen pounds of flour of sulphur, making a paste of it. All the lumps must be smoothed out. Then add the 22 pounds of lime, a little at a time as it slakes, stirring it all the time to prevent burning. Having slaked the lime, add a few more palfuls of water, and boil. The solution must actually boil one hour.

When boiling, it will be noticed that a red substance rises to the top. This is a new chemical, made by the calcium in the lime and the sulphur combining, and it is this compound that kills the scale. When making the lime-sulphur wash the wash will be of a greenish color instead of red. Boiling an hour is necessary, so the reaction may be complete. The self-boiled lime-sulphur washes are not so effective, because, not being subjected to heat so long, much less of this poisonous compound is produced. It is this red liquor that is sold as the commercial lime-sulphur wash.

The sediment has no value other than to indicate the parts of the trees touched by the spray. After boiling, strain out as much of the sediment as possible by using a screen with at least 24 meshes to the square inch, and add enough water to make 50 gallons.

While spraying the trees for San Jose scale, other insects are also receiving death blows. Other scales, such as the scurfy scale, oyster-shell bark-louse, and the plum scale (Leucanium) are more or less damaged. These scales are better fought in the summer than now, but their numbers are considerably reduced by winter spraying. There are frequently many aphis wintering over the twigs that are killed by spraying now, and the budmoth and bean aphis which winter over on the buds, ready to commence eating as soon as the young leaves appear, succumb to the corrosive washes.

Peaches and plums should be spr

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Avoid blended, adulterated whiskey—it's dangerous, poisonous and very injurious to the health. Send for Detrick's Whiskey and you will be buying real old whiskey. Detrick's is pronounced absolutely pure and unadulterated, and certified to as to its age (nearly 7 years old) by the U. S. Government. Send us $3.20 now for four full quarts at an age and price that you cannot duplicate elsewhere.

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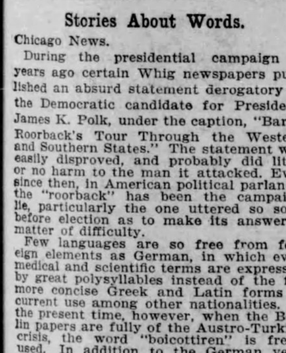

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Darling & Beahan, 345 Mich. St., Petoskey, Mich.

Stories About Words.

Chicago News.

During the presidential campaign 64 years ago certain Whig newspapers published an absurd statement derogatory to the Democratic candidate for President, James K. Polk, under the caption, "Baron Roorback's Tour Through the Western and Southern States." The statement was easily disproved, and probably did little or no harm to the man it attacked. Ever since then, in American political parlance, the "roorback" has been the campaign lie, particularly the one uttered so soon before election as to make its answer a matter of difficulty.

Few languages are so free from foreign elements as German, in which even medical and scientific terms are expressed by great polysyllables instead of the far more concise Greek and Latin forms in current use among other nationalities. At the present time, however, when the Berlin papers are fully of the Austro-Turkish crisis, the word "boicottiren" is freely used. In addition to the German verb, Capt. Boycott is immortalized in the "boycotter" of the French, "boycotten" of the Dutch, and "boycottirovat" of the Russian.

As used nowadays by the newspapers, the word "interview" is said to have been the invention of Joseph McCullough, of St. Louis, and, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, it became popular in England in the early nineties. But it was known before that. A writer on the subject in The Nation of 1869 was possibly the first to use the word in its present sense of a talk with a representative of the press.

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NOTE:—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the world, and is perfectly reliable.

BOSTON MONEY MAD

Resident Runs to New York for Peace and Quiet.

"It is a relief for me to run down to New York and get a little rest," remarked Mr. G. G. Couch, of Boston, to a New York Telegram reporter. "It is almost like going to a country town. Boston has gone money mad. I think we must be trying to do a greater volume of business at the Hub than you do in New York.

"There is one thing I always liked about the business life in New York. The men have plenty of time to talk, go out and take a smile, and the long day is relieved by a pleasant hour or more for luncheon. At the same time the New Yorker appears to get the money away from the visitor.

"In Boston we have no time to smoke, no time for luncheon, no time for a joke. We are keeping our noses to the grindstone and still we haven't caught up to New York.

"Just to show you how crazy we are in Boston about utilizing every moment of the business day, our merchants have petitioned the board of aldermen to prohibit the use of our business streets for military parades.

"When the band goes by the shop girls and the customers naturally lose a moment looking on. Traffic is interrupted in the streets for a moment and the people in the street stop on the sidewalk to see the soldiers for a few seconds before going into the stores to make their purchases.

"This is dreadful, the merchants say. It is outrageous, they exclaim, to use the streets for any purpose but business. We are certainly a busy people in Boston—making money to spend in New York."

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

By request we reprint the following: I read a recent article about a woman who invested $200 in improving her Mexican homestead and is now getting a regular income of over $1,200 a year, from the sale of bananas from her orchard. I am glad to say that I know this can be done. You can get a Homestead in Mexico, free, and do not have to live on it. The only thing required is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within five years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, supply and plant the trees and care for them until they come into bearing, for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $5 a month, and in three years after your trees are planted, they will bring you a profit of more than $1,500 each year, if you superintend the work, but if you wish, the Improvement Department will care for the trees and market your bananas continuously, so you will not have to be in Mexico at all; they get one-third of the crop for attending to and marketing the bananas. This will give you a profit of more than $1,000 a year, from an investment of about $600. If you act as your own superintendent you can make $500 a year more. I know this from my own experience. It is a delightful country, never hot, never cold, and the health conditions are perfect. For full information address The Jantha Plantation Co., Block 161, Pittsburg, Pa., as all English literature pertaining to these free Mexican homesteads is distributed from Pittsburg.

HARRIMAN GRUNTS

Financier Is Found an Unimpressionable Guest.

Atlanta Dispatch to the New York American.

E. H. Harriman is described as a "grunting enigma" by Mayor Maddox, who accompanied Mr. Harriman on his trip over Atlanta.

"To all my remarks," said the mayor, "Harriman replied in Indian-like grunts, and only twice during the day did he show a sense of humor."

Mayor Maddox showed Harriman the state capitol, and remarked that it had been built for less than the million dollars appropriated. Harriman lifted his hat and bowed to the building, saying: "I take off my hat to the graftless capitol."

"I have often been accused," said Harriman, "of being on too friendly terms with John D. Rockefeller and other financiers. I met Mr. Rockefeller for the first time at a dinner some weeks ago. At the dinner I smoked a big black cigar given me by Mr. Morgan. Next day I was attacked with ptomaine poisoning. I will not attempt to say what was responsible."

Plan to Kill 10,000 Coyotes.

Spokane Correspondence Chicago News.

Stockmen in Oregon, who claim they are losing more than $1,000,000 a year from the devastation of the animals, are planning to kill 10,000 coyotes this year. Fully 10,000 were killed last year, and the warfare is to be repeated, in the hope of exterminating the pests. The Oregon Wool Growers' association, including the sheepmen and others interested in the live stock industry have banded together in this campaign, and will use traps, poison and other methods. Coyotes have caused heavy losses in various parts of the state, especially in the Umatilla district, southwest of Spokane, where this animal preys by killing sheep, poultry, and wild game, such as prairie chickens, grouse and other birds that nest on the ground. Oregon is the only wool-growing state in the northwest that has no bounty law; hence stockmen are compelled to pay the expense of destroying the coyote or of submitting to its ravages from year to year. A combined effort is to be made at the coming session of the legislature to secure the passage of a law allowing a bounty of $1.50 for coyote scalps, and there is a fair chance for its passage. The National Wool Growers' association is endeavoring to secure a uniform law in all wool-producing states fixing the bounty at $1.50 each, to prevent fraud in the collection of scalp bounties.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Will you please publish a short biography of Abraham Lincoln?—F. E., Youngsville, Pa.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Ky., February 12, 1809, and died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865. He was the 16th President of the United States. He was descended from a Quaker family, of English origin, residing in the middle of the 18th century in Berks county, Pennsylvania. His grandfather emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky about 1780. His father, Thomas Lincoln, settled with his family in Indiana in 1816, and in Illinois in 1830. His mother was Nancy Hanks, Thomas Lincoln's first wife. He left his father's home soon after settling in Illinois, and after following various occupations, including those of a farm laborer, a salesman, a merchant and a surveyor, was admitted to the bar in 1836 and began the practice of law at Springfield in 1837.

He served first as captain and afterward as a private in the Black Hawk war in 1832; was a Whig member of the Illinois state legislature 1834-42, and was a Whig member of congress from Illinois 1847-1849. In 1858, as Republican candidate for the United States senate he held a series of joint discussions throughout Illinois with the Democratic candidate, Stephen A. Douglas, in which he took a pronounced stand against the institution of slavery. This debate attracted the attention of the country, and in 1860 he was nominated as candidate for President by the Republican party.

The disunion of the Democratic party secured for him an easy victory. He received 180 electoral votes against 72 for John C. Breckenridge, candidate of the southern Democrats; 39 for John Bell, candidate of the Constitutional Union party, and 12 for Stephen A. Douglas, candidate of the northern Democrats, and was inaugurated March 4, 1861.

His election was the signal for the secession, one after another, of the slave states of the south, and for the organization of the confederate states. Hostilities began with an attack by the secessionists of South Carolina on the federal troops at Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861. The fort surrendered on the 13th.

On the 15th a call was issued by the President for 75,000 volunteers, and the control of events passed from the cabinet to the camp. He proclaimed a blockade of southern ports April 19, 1861, and Sept. 22, 1862, issued a proclamation emancipating all slaves in states or parts of states which should be in rebellion on January 1, 1863. He was re-elected President by the Republican party in 1864, receiving 212 electoral votes against 21 for George B. McClellan, candidate of the Democratic party. He began his second term of office March 4, 1865. He entered Richmond with the federal army April 4, 1865, two days after the flight of the confederate government, and was occupied with plans for the reconstruction of the south when he was shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's theatre, Washington, D. C., April 14, 1865, and died on the following day.

THE ITALIAN PEOPLE

Please tell what you can concerning the people of Italy.—L. L. T., Butler, Pa.

The inhabitants of Italy are a mixture of many different races who have successively obtained the mastery of the country. Though many other people have lived in Italy, the present Italian is more like the Romans and Gauls. In upper Italy the Germanic element has contributed its share toward the formation of Italian nationality. In southern Italy and Sicily the Arab element enters into the mixture of national characteristics. The Italian is slim rather than stout, but strong and agile. An Italian has a dark complexion, an expressive countenance, sparkling eyes, black hair and a grave gait. A great proportion of the inhabitants retain many of the characteristics of the Roman conquerors of the world.

RATIO OF MONEY

What is meant by the ratio of 16 to 1?—W. J., Buckeye, Ariz.

When gold and silver came into joint use as money, the fact that gold was, owing to its greater scarcity, superior qualities and beauty, esteemed more highly than silver, made it necessary to recognize it as of greater value in money form; this value relation is known as the ratio.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATES

Will you tell what you can concerning the Lincoln and Douglas debates?—M. M. S., Greenville, Pa.

In October of the year 1854 Lincoln and Douglas met in debate over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Lincoln opposed the repeal and Douglas defended it. Two speeches were made on this, one in Springfield, Illinois, and the other in Peoria. There were many other debates between these great speakers which attracted the attention of all the country.

U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Tell what you can of the United States geological survey.—A. E. S., Seewood, W. Va.

The geological survey of the United States is a bureau of the interior department created for the purpose of preparing a map of the United States, classifying the public lands, examining the geological structure, mineral resources and the products of the country. To these duties have since been added those of investigating the extent to which the arid lands of the west can be redeemed by irrigation, segregating the irrigable from the non-irrigable lands, and the selection of sites for reservoirs and canals for the purposes of irrigation.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Please explain the origin and career of Rip Van Winkle.—C. H. W., Burlington, N. C.

Rip Van Winkle is a character in one of Washington Irving's legends of the Hudson Valley. While hunting in the mountains he falls in with the reputed followers of Hendrik Hudson. They offer him liquor which he drinks and falls into a sleep from which he awakes 20 years later. He returns to his native village and is surprised to find everything changed, but is glad that his wife is no more.

ZACHARY TAYLOR

Please give a short sketch of the life of Zachary Taylor.—R. J. A., Bergos, W. Va.

Zachary Taylor, the 12th President of the United States, was born September 24, 1784, and died July 9, 1850. He was born in Virginia, but in 1785 his family moved to Kentucky, where young Taylor received what little education he could get. In 1808 he entered the United States army as a first lieutenant. He fought against the Indians in 1812. He then served in the Black Hawk war, and becoming colonel, was made commander of the troops sent against the Seminoles in Florida. When the war with Mexico broke out, Taylor was sent to the disputed Mexican frontier. Two victories were made by him, one at Palo Alto, the other at Resaca de la Palma. Taylor was then made major-general, and stormed Monterey in September. In 1847 Santa Anna attacked Taylor at Buena Vista, but was defeated by "Old Rough and Ready." The Whigs nominated him for President the following year, and he was elected in 1849. President Taylor died before his term of office was ended.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

In what states and territories of the United States are marriage licenses required?—M. M. D., Thompson, Pa.

Marriage licenses are required in all states and territories except Alaska, New Jersey (if residents, otherwise required), and South Carolina. California requires man and woman to appear and be examined under oath.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

What causes the northern lights?—E. S., Amery, Wis.

The origin of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, is as yet, a matter of conjecture. The most common hypothesis is, that it is an electrical phenomenon; and this is borne out to some extent by the great resemblance which the light attending the passage of electricity through a nearly vacuous tube bears to the luminous appearance of the aurora. If one of the vacuous tubes lately invented by Mr. Gassiot be brought into the neighborhood of a powerful electrical machine, both while the machine is in motion and for some time after, flashes of light pass from the end at one end of the tube to that at the other extremity, which bear a striking resemblance to the auroral rays. If the conditions necessary for the production of the aurora be similar to those holding in this experiment, it must be caused by the electricity accumulated round the magnetic poles discharging itself through the rare strata of the higher atmosphere; but how such conditions, if actual, occur is a question still in need of solution.

GEORGE A. CUSTER

Please give a sketch of George Armstrong Custer. Also give a short account of the Custer massacre.—C. J., Cedarville, Cal.

George Armstrong Custer was born December 5, 1839, and died June 25, 1876. In 1861 he graduated from West Point, entering the army immediately where he fought in the civil war. He was rapidly promoted so that at the time of the surrender at Appomattox he was brevetted major general United States army, and appointed major general of volunteers. He then went to Texas, where he remained on duty until mustered out of volunteer service. Custer then took the lieutenancy of the Seventh cavalry and joined it in 1866. Custer saw his first Indian service after 1867 when he succeeded in crushing them so that they returned to their reservations. In the spring of 1873 Custer was sent to Dakota to help suppress an uprising of several tribes under Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. After fighting for some time, Sheridan, who commanded the troops, determined to strike a decisive blow. He sent three divisions under Crook, Terry and Gibbon to unite and crush Sitting Bull on the Yellowstone. Terry and Gibbon united without discovering the Indians, while Crook beat up Crazy Horse's band, and after a sharp skirmish the whole Indian force of 5,000 or 6,000 moved to the Little Big Horn. They were discovered by Terry's scouts, and Terry sent Custer in advance, with his cavalry regiment of 600 men in 11 companies, to bar their escape east. He was to wait for the main body at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn June 26. Custer arrived there the night of the 24th; his scouts discovered the Indian village the next morning; from imperfect information he supposed it contained only 1,200 or 1,500 Pawnees he had known were marching to join Sitting Bull, and he resolved to surround and capture them all. He divided up his command, ordering the different companies to attack at different points. The Indians were about to retreat when they discovered the strength of the opposing force. Custer rode towards the camp with a small number of men. Many of the Indians had concealed themselves, so that they were able to surround the band. But Custer fought to reach a ridge, in which he was successful, but just at that time a fresh body of Cheyennes under Rain-in-the-Face rose up and massacred the little band.

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Will you please give a brief sketch of Horatio Alger, Jr.?—R. A. R., Mattoon, Ill.

Horatio Alger, Jr., was born in Revere, Mass., in 1834. He graduated at Harvard, in 1852, spent several years in teaching and newspaper work, and in 1864 was ordained pastor of the Unitarian church at Brewster, Mass. He took up his residence in New York in 1866, became interested in the condition of the street boys, and this experience gave form to many of his later writings. Alger died at Natick, Mass., July 18, 1899, at the home of his sister.

THE SKI

Will you please tell something concerning skies?—A. D., Martinsville, Ill.

A ski is a runner made of wood, from five to ten feet long, an inch or more thick in the middle, but thinner towards the ends and curved at the front. The ski is fastened to the foot in a simple manner. The fastening consists of a loop of leather for the toe and a band which passes from this around the heel of the shoe, thus making the ski and the foot as firm as possible, which is necessary in order to steer well, while full freedom is allowed the heel to rise from the ski at every movement. When first putting on the ski a balancing stick is necessary, and, indeed, it will be found indispensable for some time; the most skillful need but a small stick. An ordinary ski runner can maintain a gait of eight or nine miles an hour for quite a length of time. The ski is used in Norway and Sweden to a great extent, though it is also quite popular in Canada and the Rocky mountains.

THE SPHINX

Please tell all you can about the sphinx in Egypt?—R. P., Parkersburg, W. Va.

The largest sphinx is that near the group of pyramids at Gizeh, Egypt. It is about 150 feet long and 63 feet high; the body is monolithic, but the paws, which are thrown out fifty feet in front, are constructed of masonry. There were also sphinx figures in Egypt with rams' heads and hawks' heads.

ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

Will the Question Bureau please tell all it can about the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition?—A. J. S., Keeler, Mich.

The exposition will be held at Seattle, Wash., from June 1 to October 16, 1909. The primary purpose of the exposition is to exploit the resources of the Alaska and Yukon territories in the United States and Dominion of Canada and to make known and foster the vast importance of the trade of the Pacific Ocean and the countries bordering on it. It will also show the marvelous progress made by western America. The government is helping on a large scale. Congress appropriated $600,000 towards the cost. The people of Seattle raised the preliminary funds for the exposition. The capital stock was placed at $500,000, and a day was set aside for the sale of the stock, of which was sold in Seattle. The states of Washington, Oregon, California, Montana, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, North Dakota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Texas and Arizona have all arranged to show their resources.

HIBERNATING ANIMALS

Will The Blade give us some light on the following subject: A claims the bear and groundhog sleep through the winter, but actually wake up on February 2, and if they see their shadows, go to sleep again. B claims the bear does not sleep through the winter, and is, therefore, awake every day. Who is right?—C. M. D., Corry, Pa.

Bears and groundhogs, more properly woodchucks, are classed among hibernating animals—animals that enter into a winter sleep. However, the male and female black and white bear are more or less active during the winter months, while the females are hibernating, or sleeping. The groundhog passes the winter in its burrow in a lethargic state. There is no foundation for the foolish tradition that the groundhog and bear wake up on the 2nd of February, or on any other stated date. They emerge when warm weather comes, regardless of the exact date.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. L. Y., Franklin, N. C.: Write to the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C.

W. A. R., Winthrop, Ind.: We are unable to answer your question.

C. W. M., Denton, N. C.: As far as the Question Bureau knows, the government has never offered anything for the discovery of perpetual motion.

J. E. M., Antrim, O.: Write to the general land commissioner, at Washington, D. C.

H. J. C., Coloma, Wis.: We know nothing about Johanna Kearton Block.

J. H. H., Stithton, Ky.: We can tell you nothing about the National Benevolent society.

L. L., Ashtabula, O.: We cannot tell you where the town of Zaba is.

C. T. G., Brooklyn, Mich.: Washington Court House is located in Fayette county, Ohio.

A. V. D., Cortland, O.: Great Britain derives much revenue from nations whose vessels go by Gibraltar. We think that Switzerland is the oldest republic.

A. M., Wifrud, N. D.: Russia has fourteen battleships and sixteen cruisers in her navy.

R. T. M., Island Creek, O.: The book which you desire is out of print.

W. L. S., Bristol, O.: Martha Washington's maiden name was Dandridge.

A. M., Arkport, N. Y.: There are eight associate and one chief justice in the United States supreme court. They are appointed by the President, with the approval of the senate. Their term is during good behavior. The salary of the chief justice will be $15,000 a year and that of the associate justices $14,000 when Taft becomes President.

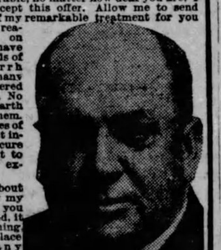
L. B., Chattanooga, Tenn.: The Rosebud lands are in Tripp county, S. D.

C. L., Agenda, Kan.: The tenure of office acts were repealed March 3, 1887. The President can force a cabinet officer to resign without the consent of the senate.

CATARRH DEAFNESS CURED.

FREE A course of my famous Absorption Remedies and two splendid Instruments will be sent to every sufferer of Catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises or Ear Diseases, to use for 15 days, free.

No matter how long you have suffered, or what form of Catarrh you have, or who has pronounced your case incurable; no matter how deaf you are, I want you to accept this offer. Allow me to send you a course of my remarkable treatment for you to give a fair reasonable trial on your case. I have cured thousands of cases of Catarrh and Deafness; many who had suffered thirty years. No doctor on earth could help them. If the structures of the ears are not injured, I can cure you. I want to prove it at my expense.



Write me about your case—try my treatment. If you are not satisfied, it costs you nothing; nor does it place you under any obligations. I place it in your hands (all charges prepaid). Write me today. Accept my offer.

Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 177 Des Moines, Ia.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine,

MANUFACTURED BY THE **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

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ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

Moving Picture Actors

To procure actors who possess the peculiar attributes necessary for moving picture subjects is far more difficult than one would think. Any trained actor will not do, any more than any singer, however good his voice may be, will do for the phonograph. Formerly actors were hired for one day at a time or for one picture, but last year the plan of organizing a regular stock company was adopted and has worked out favorably, better results being obtained by the actors becoming familiar with each other's work. The actors must be photographically good-looking and they must be versatile. One day they may be required to drink tea in a society drawing room scene or appear in a costume play, and the next to don Indian clothes and paddle a canoe, or to turn policeman and chase a thief over hills and dales, while the camera records the run. High-class actors are engaged, and their compensation rates considerably above that drawn by others than a star on the regular stage.—Leslie's Weekly.

On Pittsburg Plan.

Punch.

Officer—"Now, supposing the patrol sent out didn't return at the proper time, what would you do?"

Corporal (after much thought)—"Sell their kit, sir."

GET THIS $1200.00 NEXT MONTH!

WHAT A BLESSING TO ALWAYS HAVE MONEY IN ABUNDANCE.

You can, it's easy. **Hundreds Getting Rich the "New Way."** Said to be world's greatest and surest money maker. One man actually made $1281.00 IN ONE MONTH, $51.50 IN 15 MINUTES, $800.00 IN 8 DAYS. Not a fairy tale, fake or humbug, but absolutely true—**sworn statement.** New, wonderful discovery. Causing great enthusiasm. Readers, listen, see, read how this invention has made, is **making thousands of dollars** for others:

Does $1200 Monthly INTEREST YOU? "My sales $1281.00 one month, $1118.00 another. Best thing ever sold. Not one complaint from 2000 customers." **SWORN STATEMENT BY M. G. STONEMAN, MONT.**

"SOLD $2212.00 IN 2 WEEKS. Not one dissatisfied user," writes Korstad & Mercer, Minn. "My sales $1680.00 IN 73 DAYS," writes C. D. Rasp, Wis. "Canvassed 60 PEOPLE—GOT 55 ORDERS. Sold $320.00 in 16 days," writes W. H. Reese, Pa. "Enclosed order for $115.00 FIRST DAY'S WORK. Best thing I ever worked," writes L. H. Langley, N. D. "Everybody takes apparatus finest thing. Sold 15 one afternoon," writes Miss Eva Edwards, Nev., after ordering 72. "I averaged $164.25 WEEKLY for three months, undoubtedly best line on market," writes J. W. Beem, Kas. "Finest seller I ever saw, catches the eye. Don't want anything better. SELL 8 OUT OF 10 HOUSES," writes Wm. Maroney, Okla. "A man that can't sell your outfit couldn't sell bread in a famine, send 48 more," writes J. B. Cashman, Minn. "I make $100.00 DAILY," writes J. Sevegne, N. Y.

HUNDREDS MEN AND WOMEN TELL OF WONDERFUL SUCCESS equipping town and farm homes with **Allen's Portable Bath Apparatus. 50,000 already sold.** Acknowledged best thing ever happened for humanity. Nothing like it. Gives every home a **modern bath room for only $5.00.** Think of it! Costs nothing to operate. Used wherever water in any form exists. **So energizes water that 1 gallon** does more than tub full old way. Gives cleansing, friction, massage, shower baths altogether or separately. Cleanses almost **automatically.** Makes bathing **5 minute operation.** Only clean, running water touches body—no immersion. No tubs, buckets, bowls, wash-rags or sponges—no plumbing. Insures cleanliness without drudgery—prolongs life—prevents disease. Small but mighty—carried in grip. **Endorsed by famous Battle Creek Sanitarium** and other celebrated authorities. Most popular, easiest, quickest, surest selling household article going.

Let us give you an appointment worth $40.00 to $60.00 weekly plus freedom from drudgery, long hours, wage earning, bossism, job hunting. We want more AGENTS, SALESMEN, MANAGERS, either sex, at home or traveling, all or spare time to **fill orders,** appoint, supply, control sub-agents. Hustlers getting rich. **EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY.** Simply supply enormous demand already made—that's **all.** Every customer anxious to boost your business. No easier, quicker, certain way to make money. Exciting **business**—big profits—popular goods, **guaranteed by an old reliable $50,000.00 house**—absolutely no competition—**exclusive territory**—co-operation and assistance.

CREDIT GIVEN—SEND NO MONEY—only your name and address on a postal card **today for world's greatest agency offer, valuable booklets, credit plan, proofs of phenominal success—ALL FREE. COSTS NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE. MEET US THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH.**

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The "DANDY" VALENTINE

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

It was a severe test of Jimmy Rogers' friendship for Henry Watson when he saw him buy the valentine they had decided was the "dandiest" one in the shop. Henry did not say for whom it was intended, but, of course, it was for Fanny Melville. They were agreed in their opinion of her, as they were agreed in most of their opinions, and they thought she was "the nicest girl." Jimmy and Henry were the same age. This age was twelve years, and there was only the difference of a month in the date of their birthdays. They liked each other from the moment of their first meeting, when they were eleven years old, and Henry's parents moved into the house next to the one where Jimmy lived with his father and mother. Jimmy was of a pugnacious temperament, and his impulse when he discovered there was a new boy in the neighborhood, was to go over and fight him to test his mettle. At the earliest opportunity he sauntered over to the yard of the next house, where Henry was making a survey of the premises.

"Hello, kid," he greeted, indifference, "want to wrastle?"

"I just soon," Henry returned with like indifference. Whereupon they clinched, and engaged in a scrimmage which was not warfare, but merely their way of becoming acquainted. Each finding the other's prowess satisfactory, and no damage being done, they felt themselves on an equal footing and amicable relations were established. Their friendship thus begun, became firmly cemented in a short time, and, while occasional disputes arose, they were never serious.

Jimmy was more inclined to be a man of wrath than Henry, but he did not cherish malice, and his moments of anger were fleeting. Not even their admiration for "the nicest girl" could cause dissension, until Henry bought the "dandy" valentine Jimmy wanted but could not afford, and thereby aroused in his mind the suspicion that Henry was trying to "show off."

Their school teacher had promised to have a box in the school room which should serve as a postoffice, St. Valentine's day. The only restrictions were there should be no comic valentines, and the box should not be opened until after lessons were finished in the afternoon, then she would be postmistress and distribute the mail. This plan met the warm approval of the boys and girls, and, as St. Valentine's day drew near, there was much excitement over the coming event, and many whispered conferences, especially among the girls. Henry and Jimmy took a lofty view of the matter.

"Valentines is for girls, anyway," Jimmy said, with a grand air.

"Yep," agreed Henry. "Boys don't care much about 'em. They're more for girls."

However, this decision did not prevent them from being interested in valentines, and they found the shop windows where they were displayed very attractive. One in particular they considered a thing of rare beauty, and christened it "the dandy valentine." It was very large and highly colored, and was altogether an exceedingly gorgeous affair which made a strong appeal to their boyish fancy. They were not in the least concerned with the sentiment it conveyed. They knew it was something about "a heart that will e'er be true, if you love me as I love you," but they were not troubling themselves about hearts; it was the size and gay colors they admired.

Jimmy was especially enthusiastic in expressing his admiration.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "if I was a girl, I'd choose to have that one."

He wanted very much to buy it and send it to the Nicest Girl, but its price was a dollar, which was considerably more money than Jimmy possessed. He went to look at it several times, and he confided to Henry how proud he should feel if he could send it to Fanny and she should open it in school, and the "other kids" would find out he had sent it. He swaggered a little in his walk, while he had this vision of glory, and then Henry, knowing how he felt, bought the valentine under his very eyes, and this without telling him for whom it was intended, though of course it was for Fanny! The glory he coveted would be Henry's, and Henry would be the hero of the scene he had pictured so vividly in his imagination that it became real. It was almost more than he could bear, and, to relieve his feelings, he slipped away from Henry and bought the ugliest "comic" he could find. It was labeled "The Meanest Man." Henry changed the word "man" to "boy," and thought he felt better. He put the "comic" in the inside pocket of his jacket. He was not certain what he should do with it, but he had the means to "get even" with Henry if he was so inclined, though this knowledge did not increase his comfort.

At noon of St. Valentine's day, when the two boys were going home together, Jimmy asked, with an appearance of carelessness he did not feel, "Who are you going to send the dandy to, Hen?"

"Don't ask me," Henry answered evasively, and changed the subject by suddenly throwing up his heels where his head had been, and walking a few steps on his hands.

At the table that noon, Jimmy astonished the family by announcing fiercely, "Henry Watson is the meanest boy."

"Why, Jimmy," his mother exclaimed, "have you and Henry quarreled?"

Jimmy avoided making her an answer, but he jeered and sneered at his younger sister and her excited talk about valentines, until she burst into tears, and Jimmy's father sent him away from the table. Before he returned to school, he enclosed the "comic" in an envelope, and addressed it in large, black writing, to "Mr. Henry Watson, Present," then he put it back in his pocket, still undecided about sending it to Henry.

When he entered the school room that afternoon, he saw lying on his teacher's desk a box, too large to go into the postoffice. He knew it was the "dandy," and he was sure he knew, too, who would receive it, though the address was on the under side. His hand went to the pocket where he carried the "comic." It came away empty when he saw that Henry was watching him from his desk, and surreptitiously making faces, which were undeniably friendly.

At the appointed hour the postoffice was opened and the valentines were distributed. The room was filled with the hum of pleased voices, interrupted with a frequent "not so much noise, if you please," from the teacher.

Jimmy heard the Nicest Girl's name called several times, and he saw her go to the desk and return to her seat, carrying valentines, but the one in the box was not among them. Jimmy wondered who was to receive it, since it was not for Fanny, and the thought flashed into his mind, that Henry had given it to his teacher. More than ever he was sure Henry wanted to "show off." He was turning a glowering face toward the unconscious Henry, when the mention of his name brought his glance to his teacher. She held in her hand the box that had been on her desk, and read, so everyone could hear "For Mr. Jimmy Rogers, Present." She had to read it twice before Jimmy realized she was calling his name. He walked to the desk feeling certain there must be some mistake, and even when the box was in his hands, he was still in doubt and read the address over carefully. It was his name, plainly written in Henry's round hand, which, in this case, was embellished with several flourishes.

Jimmy's face showed his bewilderment. He did not know what to do with the box, and stood holding it helplessly, painfully conscious that he was being stared at by his schoolmates. He glanced at Henry, but Henry was looking another way and gave him no assistance.

"Don't you want to open it?" he heard his teacher question.

He shook his head and hurried back to his place, where he dropped into his seat, wishing that he might drop through the floor

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Circulation Last Week 222,000

JANUARY PREMIUM WATCH.

The January premium watch has been awarded to Silas Douglass, of Sabina, Ohio, for a club of 282 names, the largest received last month.

Cuba is going in for baseball. She'll be a great country yet.

Opportunity never knocks at the door of a popular loafing place.

It took a man to write the prize-winning woman suffrage poem.

Lynching, as an outdoor sport, appears to be losing much of its popularity in the south.

For some reason Fate keeps Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, busy denying things.

Cuba might get along better with self-government if she had an office for each and every patriot.

Making Mr. Taft a Mason "on sight" will doubtless strike the goat as a happy thought.

The professor who says all children are liars was probably a child himself once upon a time.

Cubans are crowding up to the government pie-counter with all the alacrity of natural-born politicians.

Will the class in geography please stand up and tell us what is the matter with the state of Nevada?

To whom it may concern: There is now $35 in currency for every man, woman and child in the country.

Mr. E. H. Harriman is looking for young men to fill $50,000 positions. However, he is looking for $50,000 men.

It usually pays to keep right on trying. A Mississippi man has been accepted by the 101st girl he proposed to.

When a Tennessee man is called to do jury duty he runs the risk of being found guilty of being able to read and write.

The Oregon legislature proposes to allow only healthy people to marry. Evidently it doesn't regard love as a disease.

The average value of horses in the United States is given as $95.65. This valuation was not obtained from the assessor.

Professor Lee, of the United States navy, has announced a new nebular hypothesis. But why? The old one isn't worn out.

"Ive had my day," says Senator Platt; which sounds much more cheerful than lamentations over what might have been.

There are two good reasons why Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, will not resign. He was born in Ohio and is a Democrat.

Should Mr. Roosevelt ever join a circus he could pull off a great stunt by performing in three rings at the same time.

"Ohio boasts of a hen who chews tobacco," says the Baltimore American. Not now, brother. She swore off last New Year's.

Perhaps, after all, it was a waste of energy on the part of the Oklahoma legislature when it abolished the title of "honorable."

Wilbur Wright wants $125,000 to fly in Berlin. Evidently Wilbur isn't in the business simply to amuse the women and children.

It is not probable that one of President Roosevelt's enemies could get $10,000 a week as the head of a "Congress of Rough Riders."

King Edward has given the sultan of Turkey a horse. But it is not probable the sultan will ride ninety-eight miles in seventeen hours.

Missouri is the only state that possesses the distinction of having been able to train the Standard Oil trust to stand without hitching.

Aside from the educational work being done by Mr. Booker T. Washington, he is teaching the colored man to raise his own chickens.

"It is surprising how many grown people there are who can't spell," remarks the Atchison Globe. And they are not all spelling reformers, either.

A Massachusetts man complains that his wife tied him to a bedpost and whipped him. Otherwise she seems to have treated him fairly well.

The California legislature may pass a law prohibiting prize fighting, which seems much more important than trying to regulate the length of hatpins.

The new vice president of Cuba should write to Mr. Fairbanks and get a few pointers on how to maintain a dignified silence when there is nothing to say.

The liquor interests are putting up a strenuous fight against the Rose law. What they want is a measure that will make rough riding for the occupants of the water wagon.

Indiana counties have adopted the pleasant custom of going dry by large majorities. Though it may seem somewhat paradoxical, it may be said the temperance movement has come to stay.

ANOTHER IOWA IDEA.

The state of Iowa has been asked to pay one dollar to the mother of every child born from now on. This is surprising news from Iowa which was not supposed to be one of the commonwealths affected by the prevalence of race suicide. Massachusetts, it has been the general understanding, was the chief offender in this regard, and she has taken no step toward the reward of motherhood.

But the strangest thing about the western measure is to learn the value that is placed upon infancy out there. Children enter the homes of Ohioans with such frequency that the race suicide agitation is taken in the light of a pleasantry. Yet we do not believe any mother in this state would place a price so low as a dollar upon any one of her offspring. On the contrary she would resent it extremely if the state treasurer were to send her such a sum intimating that that was the compensation for her patriotism.

This new Iowa idea might do west of the Mississippi, but it would provoke riots in Ohio.

A NEW INSURANCE.

Britain is the home of picturesque insurance schemes, on this side of the Atlantic often pronounced gambling. Lloyd's will take almost any chance that can come under the pliable term "risk," from the losses that might be occasioned by the death of a sovereign to the embarrassment of twins.

A new form of insurance is proving very popular in the United Kingdom. It is one against the ill fortune attendant on going insane. An annual allowance is made to the dependants or the guardians of any subscriber who goes crazy, a limit being fixed at five years and ten years, depending upon the form of premium payment agreed upon. The rates are remarkably low, it is thought, being only $2.50 for a policy of $500 good for five years. A premium of $3.75 calls for $500 payable for ten years.

The percentage of insane in England was about eighteen persons per 10,000 in 1859. Modern conditions are held responsible for increasing this rate to 35 out of every 10,000 in 1907. In Scotland the increase has been from 19 to 36; in Ireland, 25 in 1879 to 35 in 1907. As the class from which the company would be most likely to draw its premiums would hardly be the one most liable to insanity, the chances for profits for the insurers must be excellent.

THE GATUN DAM.

The alarmist reports which charge that the Gatun dam at Panama is proving a monumental failure, that the foundation stone is proving unstable, must not be taken seriously. The stories are set in circulation mostly by those journals which are opposed to President Roosevelt and who have discovered that the canal is of particular interest to him and its criticism most irritating. By a skillful twisting of the facts they have been enabled to cause many to wonder if the engineering difficulties at Gatun will not compel the abandonment of the plans. It is interesting, then, to learn the opinions of authorities unbiased by politics or personal enmities. Says the Scientific American:

The Gatun dam, as completed, will consist of an artificial mound of sand and clay, 135 feet in height, about 1,800 feet in width, and extending for 8,000 or 9,000 feet across the valley of the Chagres river from hillside to hillside. This huge mound is to be formed by means of suction dredges, which will pump sand and clay, mixed with water, from the bed of the Chagres river below the dam, on the site of the dam. Here, as the water drains away, the sand and clay will settle into a mass of very close consistency, so close as to be impervious to seepage. In order to confine the deposited material within the proper width of the 1,800 feet, and prevent it flowing away with the water, two walls of loose rock are being built entirely across the valley, one at the foot of the slope on the upstream side or lake side of the dam, and the other on the downstream side. As the rock-fill was being built out across the valley it crossed the old French canal channel, which runs through the site of the dam. During the past twenty years this channel had become filled with silt and soft mud, and the engineers decided that, instead of excavating this material until firm bottom was reached it would be more economical to dump the rock directly upon the mud and allow the fill, as thus formed, to settle through the ground until it reached firm ground. As the fill was raised in height its weight at length became such that the expected displacement occurred, the rock settling down and forcing the mud up into mounds on either side of the fill. So far from the settling causing any concern to the engineers, it is exactly what they expected to take place; and the greater the settlement, the more they will be pleased. There is nothing new in this, and certainly nothing to warrant the attempt to stir up public apprehension, to say nothing of congressional anxiety, regarding the stability of the dam. Railroad embankments are being made every day by this very method of displacement; and when the rock-fill at the toe of the Gatun dam has finally reached the underlying solid material, which it will do long before the dam is completed, the public need have no anxiety as to further settlement.

The Engineering News declares that "the structure at Gatun is as sound and safe as any engineering work could possibly be. Indeed, the criticism of the design made to us personally by one well known engineer expert in earth-dam construction is that the dam is so absolutely safe that at least half its width is wholly useless. The settling of the waste rock dumped in the mud in the old French canal channel along the south toe of the dam has been magnified into a disaster of ominous portent to the whole work. Stories concerning it have been published in ten thousand newspapers while hardly one has published the real truth—that the settlement of the rock was expected to occur and saved the needless expense of dredging out the layer of soft mud before dumping the rock."

FOOD AND THE FARM.

There is a somewhat hackneyed story about a firm-mouthed woman giving advice at a club meeting where the topic under discussion was the management of menfolk. "Feed the brutes," she said laconically.

A governmental commission is now engaged in studying the problem of why boys leave the farm and why the hired hand, once to be plucked at every crossroads, cannot be obtained longer without negotiations resembling those attending the Spanish evacuation of the Philippines. Out in Kansas the difficulty is more than a problem. In harvest season it is a crisis and gives birth to the picturesque stories of the glad acceptance of the feeble aid of Harvard students and the holding up of trains of boxcars to commandeer the tramps therein contained. Kansas is an agricultural state, with ambitions to be always agricultural and to avoid the growing pains with which industrial centers, such as our lake ports, are afflicted. And here, after a rambling that any rhetorician would pronounce inexcusable, we get back to the point made by the experienced matron, "feed the brutes."

At the beginning of the school season the Kansas Agricultural college opened a new hall to which is given the name Domestic Science and Art building. It is declared to be the largest building devoted to such a purpose in the country and has, in the few months of its existence, proved the most popular department in the institution. The state intends to spread its disciples and its teachings from Gabriel to the Sand Hills, from the Hackberry to Baxter Springs. It purposes making the cooking of the farmstead not merely eatable and digestible, but so famous that the hired man will come loping into the hot wind belt and once there will linger and exercise his hardest in order to eat his heartiest. It will be the aim of the Sunflower commonwealth to prove to the farmer that his prosperity is in proportion to the skill of his wife and his daughters with the skillet, and that the habit, grounded like an Old Testament text among many country people, of sending every good thing to market and retaining the unsalable products is as silly as voting for Jim Watson.

Kansas has pride—the pride that any state might have that copies her constitution as Kansas did from that of Ohio—and a dream of greatness. If she can emblazon her name in the firmament with a poker heated at the kitchen stove who is to deny her the privilege? Surely no man, or any woman who agrees that the best taming recipe is "feed the brutes!"

AMERICA HEAPING COALS.

Through the American Red Cross $841,000 has been collected for the aid of the victims of the Italian earthquake. The United States government gave the sum of $800,000 outright and a great number of organizations contributed unrecorded funds which probably reached a total of a half-million dollars. The gift of more than two millions to charity is not considered remarkable in this country, but it has astonished all Europe.

Comment in the European press is exceedingly eulogistic of the impulses which moved Americans to give with such liberality, though separated by an ocean and a sea from the scene of the disaster. One London newspaper declares that an example has been set which no government and no wealthy family abroad can avoid following without danger of dishonor. Another takes occasion to remark that the notorious pursuit of the dollar in America does not involve the charge that the dollar is retained after its capture. It does, in fact, move on with greater speed than is enjoyed by money won by financiers or investors in Europe.

It was at the time of the Spanish war that the foreigners reached the climax of their description of Americans and American ways. The Spaniards were not alone in cartooning the Yankees as hogs. English, French, Italian and German writers and artists vied with one another in depicting us as a people with snouts submerged in a trough. Considering that an important part of the population of Europe has fattened upon the American tourists, and in years of depression on this side, has howled that it faced bankruptcy, the similes were not only offensive and unjust, but betrayed a heavy measure of ingratitude also.

Italy, for one country, will not be tempted hereafter, to compare us with swine. The temptation will be to rely upon America as an unfailing pork-barrel.

ANTI-RAILROAD AGITATION.

An organization known as the Railway Business Association, made up of houses and factories which supply material to railroads, is seeking to have boards of trade and other civic societies pass resolutions in condemnation of anti-railroad agitation.

The argument is made that the prosecution of the railway companies, the passing of laws of regulation and restriction, the inquiry into their conduct and methods, the approval given to these measures by vote and applause, are responsible for the delay in the opening of the supply manufacturing plants. In turn tradesmen are injured and workmen are kept from employment. The inference is made that this anti-railroad agitation has brought about the panic and its consequent ills. The resolutions desired, it is believed, will hasten the restoration of prosperity, or, at least, will help a lot in dispatching the railroad buying agents into the market.

There is a ring to this propaganda that sounds exceedingly like the sort of press agent material sent out from Wall street brokerage houses in 1906 and the early part of 1907. Stop the railroad prosecution, whatever else you do, was the advice. If the railroads have done wrong, if they have violated laws, crushed competitors, formed trusts, held up small shippers and given influential shippers the advantage of rebates, ignore all this, was the spirit of the pleading messages of the houses of the New York stock exchange. That the ruin threatened was a vastly more important matter to think of than the introduction of a respect for business morality and a sense of fairness was the gist of the contention, though it was never put that way.

The supply companies have our heartiest sympathy. No one would be happier to see their doors open and their windows ablaze from basement to loft, but one cannot but be bored somewhat with the presentation of statements no longer considered of force except by such uncompromising critics of the administration, as Chancellor Day and his patrons. Economists are well agreed that the panic was due to other causes than the anti-railroad legislation. The statistics of 1907 indicate a high degree of prosperity among the transportation companies in spite of several previous years of experience with unfriendly agitation.

It is true that much of the railroad baiting has been injudicious, but the injury thus suffered was a trifle compared with the harm done by such a stock-jobbing deal as the watering of the Chicago & Alton and by the entanglements forced on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. For either the nation or the states to have closed their eyes to the shameless practice of certain high financiers would have been criminal, even if thereby they had kept every supply factory running at top speed, a possibility which is to be questioned.

A QUARTER CENTURY.

In the twenty-five years from 1881 to 1905, inclusive, there were 36,757 strikes, involving 181,407 establishments and 8,703,824 employes. The average days of idleness were something more than twenty-five. The number of establishments forced to shut their doors because of strikes varied from 45.54 per cent in 1905 to 85.82 in 1895. The average duration of strikes ran from 4.6 days in agriculture to 83.2 in ore mining.

Industries which have been the least affected by strikes are lithographing, 10 per cent, and car building, 13.68 per cent. Those which have been the most familiar with walkouts are women's clothing, 85.20 per cent; ore mining, 84.55; laundry work, 83.82; and men's clothing, 82.86.

In the building trades there were 9,564 strikes in twenty-five years; 65,899 establishments were involved; 917,905 strikers quit work and 1,083,699 other workers were compelled to lay down their tools.

This is the history, in the briefest space, of twenty-five years of industrial warfare. The amount of money and energy lost by these misunderstandings between labor and capital are not to be calculated. How much suffering, how many men, women and children met death in the altercations, how many instances of heroic self-sacrifice and how many actions of bitter vindictiveness, and what ruin was spread on both sides of the controversies, no chronicler will ever be able to recount. The point which the employer and the employe must think of now, as a new era of prosperity opens and the old causes for difference threaten to arise, is whether it pays to repeat such history and if it may not be possible to avoid a return to conditions which make strikes and lockouts so much a part of things to be taken into consideration.

Secretary Straus, of the department of commerce and labor, has sent invitations to all the labor leaders of the country to be present at a conference in Washington on February 10. Questions of vital interest to industrialism will be discussed and plans evolved to promote the welfare of the wage earner. Probably little will be gained at this meeting which will serve to lessen labor disputes, but if only a single step is taken it will be an advance. An enlightened agreement between the workingman and the employer would mean incalculable saving in energy, wealth, life and happiness.

THE HEN'S FAILURE.

Is there a more pitiful case than that of the hen? From the day when the first sweet breath of spring blows in from the southland to the lowering of the autumn snow clouds she lays and lays, and sometimes, if the season is a mild one and the sun warms her sheltered nest, she lays with conscientious industry in the winter months. And yet the task of the hen is never done. She never catches up. There is always a cry of more eggs, more eggs.

The egg production of this country is so marvelous that the cold and unemotional statistician feels the heat of poetry in his pulse at the contemplation of the returns. He makes comparison with the public debt, the railroad earnings, the height and spread of the mountain peaks and the distances to the constellations. If the hen could be reduced to terms of music the men of figures would set her to a mighty hymn of praise. There are so many hens and so many of them tireless and honest in the pursuit of the honest hen's creed that it seems incomprehensible they should never glut the market. If you judge by the tons and tons of magazines that are put out every month devoted solely to the cause of poultry there must be more chicken fanciers than politicians begging Governor Harmon for jobs. Ride into the city on a suburban car any of these chill mornings, and if the rural traveler is not reading a chicken journal you'll notice a copy in his overcoat pocket. The city farmers are all of them interested in the subject of eggs. They can tell you to a fraction the amount of chopped bone that will keep the hen busy and just how much better the incubator they themselves own is than that of their neighbor, who runs the insurance office across the hall. And still the eggs remain the great desideratum of the age.

The egg famine we always have with us. It is part and parcel of the civilization. It takes on a milder symptom in the summer months just long enough to permit the cold storage men to proceed with their insults of the fruits of the chicken house, but as soon as the chill winds come in from the Canadian woods the famine is upon us, a hovering, threatening menace of woe and unsatisfactory breakfasts. Will the indefatigable hen ever be able to overcome the frightful disadvantages of the unsatisfied palates of the world? It does not look so, and it is possible the famine will linger on like the influenza until one of those ingenious German professors constructs an egg, chemically, physically and esthetically identical with the original pattern, out of coal tar products.

A "TYPHOIDLESS" ARMY.

The project to render the United States army immune to typhoid fever will be watched with great interest throughout the world. It is the first time that an attempt has been made to adopt a course as to typhoid such as in practice with smallpox.

The typhoid serum is said to have been given a thorough test. In the last few years 15,000 men have been treated and are said to have escaped infection when exposed. The inroads of typhoid in army camps have been among the most serious perils of war. In the Spanish war, for instance, the fever killed far more soldiers than were slain or wounded in all the engagements in Cuba and the Philippines. A critic of the American army and the policies in vogue in the war department made the statement recently that if volunteers were again called into the field precisely similar epidemics would occur as were experienced at Chickamagua and Alger and the other points of mobilization. The adoption then of a scheme of immunization must be welcomed to the uncertainty of the medical corps putting in force the discipline and protective measures which prevented the outbreaks of disease in the Japanese army. Yet it ought to appeal more to a soldier to know that he is in no danger of taking into his system the materials which carry any of the four or five known germs of typhoid than to be assured he cannot be harmed if he does entertain the microbes. Failure in one direction might be offset by success in another, though it should be as easy for our army officers to guard a camp against disease as it is for them to clear cities such as Havana, Santiago, Panama and Aspinwall of contagion.

We have not met with any statement as to the nature of the serum or vaccine which is employed in making the human body immune to typhoid. There is a point that should interest everyone to learn. Physicians recognize that patients who have suffered from typhoid fever and are convalescent are carriers of the disease. In fact there are cases where the infection in a neighborhood has been traced to a person who had recovered from the fever years before. In these instances the germs have existed in the body without doing mischief. Now if the entire American army were made incapable of suffering the fever of typhoid each individual might still prove a carrier for the disease, and in the marches from place to place might plant the germs of perilous epidemic in districts not so fortunately armed against infection. It is possible that the immunity brought about means that typhoid germs cannot live in the body of one who has undergone the protective treatment. Or it might mean merely immunity from the effects of the germs

It would be poor business to place an unvaccinated civilian population in menace of disease and death for the price of obtaining an army, the temperatures of which cannot be raised by typhoid bacilli.

AN OVER-INSPECTED CANAL.

It will require about six more years of work to complete the Panama canal. In that time how many special commissions may be expected to review the plans of the designers and how much is it going to cost the people of the United States to employ inspectors to endorse and praise the resident engineers? Who knows?

The commission which has just visited the canal zone in company with the President-elect found nothing at the Gatun dam which would warrant a single alteration in the plans. It learned that the foundation strata could be depended upon. No material was giving way that was not expected to give way, and the sinking of which would not prove of advantage in the construction. There was no underground lake, no flood stream of unconquerable force or anything else of the sort that the Colonel Harveys and Poultney Bigelows and New York World "fakers" had succeeded in producing out of the wealth of their imaginations.

The Panama canal is the most thoroughly inspected piece of engineering that has ever been undertaken. One set of engineers after another has gone over the ground and been paid high prices for looking at the blue prints. Congressmen by the score, visitors professional and otherwise, travelers with pretences and journalists with orders to work up sensations have spent many days at the isthmus, interfered with officials and got in the way of men who were doing men's work. The engineers, it would seem, would get "gun shy" every time a new white helmet appeared on the banks of the ditch. If such meddling were permitted with any private enterprise the officers would be hearing unkind things from the stockholders. Do you imagine the men who constructed the Assam dam in Egypt would have allowed a stream of English publicists and members of parliament to go prowling over the works to the menace of discipline and organization?

And the worst of the situation at Panama is the prospect. Any time a Hearst paper or a Fairbanks sheet, or any other such opponent of the administration feels like it it can awaken uneasiness in the country that will compel the selection of another corps of engineers to go south at highly expensive rates. It will not bother any one of these newspapers if it is found to have manufactured false and injurious rumors. By the time the commission has reported the editors will be off on another piece of business like a domestic scandal, or a crusade against unsanitary slate pencils.

The people pay the costs.

NEVADA BREAKS IN.

The action of the legislature of Nevada in endorsing the Japanese baiters of California and its defiance of federal interference in such matters is consistent with the record of that state assembly. It is a law making body which has not gained appreciably in intellectuality and in the sense of the common decencies of life since Mark Twain described it with a vitriolic pen in the early seventies.

Nevada has merely conformed to its mental stature, so the country need feel no great uneasiness. But if the other states beyond the Rockies fall into line then the question will become one to alarm the union. The state of Washington has had its trouble with the Japanese residents. There have been riots, the burning of the quarters occupied by Asiatics, the dispatch of notices to leave, petty persecutions and the development of prejudices. In Oregon, also, there have been disturbances and some discussion of segregation and the barring of the children of Asian immigrants from the schools. All these states are probably in sympathy with the Californian dislike and dread, but they may not fall into the error of giving their favor official expression.

Local conditions might very well become so unbearable that the main question of national well being and peace is lost sight of. The people of the Pacific coast have much of justice in their complaints. The Japanese, because of a willingness to work for wages that would starve the Caucasian, have crowded out the white workmen in several lines. It is charged in San Francisco that they have turned well-kept resident districts into slums. In many ways, too, they have been compared with the Chinese and the Chinese have been given the better position in the picture.

The larger fact remains, though, that the legislature of California is endangering the excellent arrangements between the United States and Japan as to Pacific trade and the regulation of immigration. According to the department of commerce and labor more Japanese departed in the last year than have entered. It is not thought in Washington that the Mikado will permit the Californians to provoke him into reprisals, but it is possible that Tokio will cease all effort to restrain the entrance of coolie labor—the fundamental grievance of California. In time there would be more outbreaks and more outrages, and then the Japanese would consider themselves fully justified to dispatching a fleet to the Philippines, Hawaii and the American mainland.

HASKELL AND HIS TROUBLES.

The activities of Governor Haskell continue to prove most amazing. What with his pursuit of the octopus of the railroad and the octopus of the banking business, the grappling with a shameless conspiracy to drag his good name in the mire, litigation civil and criminal, and political disputes at home and abroad, the wonder is he has any time in which to do his governing.

With only one or two notable exceptions, and those hard pushed, Governor Haskell has been a brighter light in the news than any other personage for many months. He had had a history of some note in Ohio, but it had mostly slipped from the memories of busy folk until recalled by his granting a refuge to a fugitive from justice, a man whom he later suggested tentatively for the office of commissioner of banking in Oklahoma. The writing of the constitution of his state drew not only general attention, but the favorable notice of William J. Bryan. Then Mr. Haskell blossomed forth as national treasurer of the Democratic campaign committee. As a member of the steam rolling brigade he was enabled to dispatch Colonel Guffey, of Pennsylvania, "back to the oil tanks." When William Randolph Hearst opened the letter files of the Standard Oil company so that all might read Mr. Haskell was found to be mentioned therein. Denials involved another man named Haskell who managed to prove an alibi. Hearst was sued and served with papers by an untactful sheriff in Nebraska. But the Democratic campaigners were not satisfied. Haskell was persuaded to resign so as to undertake the task of clearing his reputation. He did so and then appealed to the good people of his state to subscribe to a fund of several thousand dollars, the same to be applied toward proving Hearst the profaner of an unblemished character. In the meantime the attorney general of Oklahoma declared that Haskell had interfered to prevent the prosecution of a subsidiary concern of the Standard Oil company, and a number of financiers in the east narrated an experience of theirs with Haskell, who had convinced them certain investments were of value that afterwards turned out to be worthless. And now comes the new publicity, an indictment on charges of conspiring to defraud the government.

Oklahoma has displayed a singular originality in the matter of legislation. The state assembly has prescribed the length of bed sheets, ordered the discarding of all crockery that is chipped and cracked, and has undertaken to abolish the title of "honorable," possibly having the governor in mind. Now it would seem only fair for the legislature to vote its respected executive an official vindication and discharge from suspicion and worry.

TREE-PLANTING IN OHIO.

Ohio is now engaged in making an investment for the future generations which will bear compound interest. For less than $10,000 a survey of forest lands in the state has been well started, nearly three-quarters of a million seedling trees have been distributed, the woodlots of nineteen farmers have been improved and sixty-six groves planted. It is money well spent and the legislature should grant with the greatest readiness whatever appropriation is asked for 1909.

A large number of the industries of Ohio depend upon lumber for their raw material. When they can no longer obtain it from outside the state and when the supplies near at hand are exhausted they must inevitably bring distress to stockholders and cause their workmen to seek other employment. The contour of the country in Ohio, since it is for the most part tillable, works against the preservation of the forests. The farmer finds his land more and more valuable for the purposes of grain raising and the pasturing of live stock. He is not inclined to look upon his tree possessions except as possible sources of fuel. Cattle are turned into woodlots where they do immense damage to the young plants that should rightly be given every protection. There is but little understanding of tree diseases and, in fact, there is the most meagre information of trees themselves. Advantage has been taken of this ignorance by unscrupulous salesmen for years.

If the state can be persuaded to take a general and intelligent interest in tree planting it may find itself rich beyond dreams when the time of lumber famine, which the country is approaching at alarming speed, shall have arrived. There are tracts of the primeval forest which should be either purchased outright or over which some system of guardianship should be established. The farmer ought to be given every encouragement to plant trees of value. He should be taught that the young tree needs as much care as anything he plants in his fields and it should be borne in upon him that a small acreage of healthy trees must some day give returns that will more than repay him for leaving his land "unimproved."

Two Men.

There were two men beneath the sun, one lacked and one had much;
One counted money by the ton, objects of sight and touch.
The "fat, well-liking" things of earth were all at his command.
Servants, and servers from his birth, stood ever at his hand;
In fact, what he desired he got—each pleasure gratified;
Life ambled, just an easy trot, until the day he died.

The other man, as men count wealth, had none, or next to naught;
Just trifles, such as wit and health, nothing that might be bought.
Dreams were his friends, the shadowy tribe of visions unfulfilled;
Laughter at things of boast and pride, harvest no hand had tilled.
He was not humble: "You might guess the world his own," folks said.
He overheard and answered "Yes! It is." They laughed, "His head
Is plainly failing—world, indeed! Who owns no inch of land.
He came of just an obscure breed." They did not understand
Each other, as is often so, since judging men are prone
To talk as though the way all go runs level with their own.

There were two men beneath the sun, one lacked and one had much,
Yet if we talked till all were done should we agree on such?
For one was rich and one was poor, I've said it o'er and o'er,
But to distinguish which was which means what YOU mean by poor.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

A lawyer once asked a man who had at various times sat on several juries: "Who influenced you most—the lawyers, the witnesses or the judges?" He expected to get some useful and interesting information from so experienced a juryman. This was the man's reply:

"I tell you, sir, 'ow I makes up my mind. I am a plain man, and a reasonin' man, and I ain't influenced by anything the lawyers say, nor by what the witnesses say—no, nor by what the judge says. I just look at the man in the dock, and I says, 'If he ain't done nothing, why is he there?' And I brings 'em all in guilty."

E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, has a big country place in Virginia—a hunting box, he calls it, but it is more like a hunting Waldorf-Astoria. One morning Mr. Harriman rose early and was sitting on one of the porches. A milkman drove up and got out to bring in some milk. The milkman started for the front door. "Here, you," snapped Harriman. "Take that milk around the back way. What do you mean by bringing it in this way?" "Mean?" said the milkman. "I mean that I am a Virginian gentleman, and I am not accustomed to be talked to in this manner, suh. I shall deliver this milk where I please, suh. If you do not like it you have a means of obtaining satisfaction, suh. No No'therner like you can talk to me like that, suh." Harriman retired. Next morning, when the same milkman arrived Harriman greeted him with a low bow. "You are right, sir," he said. "Take the milk in the front way and leave it on the piano."

Peter Schuls and Lola Walters were married Saturday before they knew it in Fairfield, Ill. The wedding was set for the following night at Noble. They came together into town and obtained the license.

Justice McNeil, who was standing by, took the license and told them to join hands. In less than a minute they were married. He asked them no questions. All he said was: "I pronounce you man and wife; $5, please."

"Hey, stop!" yelled the bridegroom. "We don't want to get married right now. We are going to get married tomorrow night, and there's going to be a supper and big doings. The whole county is invited."

"Too late," replied the magistrate. "Thought you wanted the knot tied. Five, please."

The bridegroom paid. "The wedding supper goes, anyhow," he said, "but I don't know about the church business."

By the extraordinary contortions of her neck he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse; by the tense line and scintillating flash about her lips he concluded that her mouth was full of pins.

"Umph—goof—suff—wuff—sh — ffspogf" she asked.

"Quite so, my dear," he agreed. "It looks very nice."

"Ouff—wuff—so—gs—ph—mf—ugh—ight!" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded; "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins into her hands.

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, James," she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English?"

A passerby at Broad and Lombard streets in Philadelphia once heard the following dialogue between a laborer who was digging in a sewer and a stout, beaming lady with a capacious market basket on her arm:

"Ah, good marnin' to you, Pat," said she, leaning over and looking into the pit. "And what are you doin'?"

"Good marnin', Bridget," he replied, looking up. "I'm a-earnin' alimony for yees. And what are ye doin'?"

"Sure, I'm a-spendin' it," replied Bridget airily, as she trotted off.

In an English seaside parish in the early part of last century there lived a sporting parson. The spot was a favorite landing place for woodcock at the time of their annual immigration, and the parson used to tell off a native to let him know as soon as the bird began to arrive.

One Sunday he was preaching to his congregation, and had just commenced the second head of his discourse when the church door was cautiously opened and a head appeared, followed by a beckoning finger. The parson either did not see or would not heed the intruder, so the latter then gave a loud cough.

The preacher stopped his preaching in the middle of a sentence, and excitedly said, "What is it, John?"

"Woodcocks is coom!" replied John.

The parson hurriedly closed his sermon case. "Shut the door and lock it," he cried to the clerk. "Keep the people in church till I've got my surplice off. Let's all have a fair chance."

A minister of Crosmichael, in Fife, frequently talked from the pulpit to his hearers with amusing, and, indeed, irreverent familiarity. Expounding a passage from Exodus one day he proceeded thus: "'And the Lord said unto moses'—snack that door! I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yersel', ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open. It was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, got his death o' cauld; and I'm sure, honest man, he didna let it stay muckle open. 'And the Lord said unto Moses'—I see a man aneath the laft wi' his hat on. I'm sure, man, ye're clear o' the soogh o' that door there. Keep aff your bannet, Thamas, and if ye hae nae pow be cauld, ye maun just get a gray worsted wig, like mysel'. They're no sae dear—plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for tenpence apiece." The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

A native-born American member of a party of four business men who often lunched together, took great delight in joking the others on their foreign birth.

"It's all very well for you fellows to talk about what we need in this country," he said, "but when you come to think of it, you're really only intruders. Not one of you was born here. You're welcome to this country, of course, but you really oughtn't to forget what you owe us natives who open our doors to you."

"Maybe," said an Irishman in the party, thoughtfully. "Maybe. But there's one thing you seem to forget; I came into this country wid me fare paid an' me clothes on me back. Can you say the same?"

A writer in the Dundee Advertiser tells of a London cab driver who seemed to think that affairs were ordered after this pattern. As he swung down the Strand, an American sitting beside him asked him to point out the sights of interest.

"Right you are, sir!" agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'ill, where they 'ang 'em."

A little later, "There's parliament 'ouse, where they make the laws wot does it, across the way. An' there's Westminster Habby, where they buried the good 'uns wot didn't get 'anged!"

Varieties

The escapement wheel of a watch makes 731,880 revolutions a year.

To eye defects are attributed 90 per cent of so-called neuralgic headaches.

The year 1908 rounded out 30 years of telephone service in New York city.

A combined carbon filament and mercury vapor lamp is being introduced in Germany.

Almost 10 per cent of the population of Japan is dependent upon fishing for a livelihood.

A single body of iron ore in Lebanon county, Pa., has been mined almost without interruption since 1740.

Under favorable circumstances, the product of a single bacterium will total 16,500,000 bacteria in 24 hours.

The Michigan Central railway will electrify its Detroit terminals and its main line for 30 miles, to Ypsilanti, Mich.

An easy way to convert a measurement in inches into centimetres is to use this proportion: Inches:centimetres::100:63.

Briquets of compressed calcium carbide, which, the maker avers, will keep indefinitely, are a recent invention in Vienna.

The first living walrus to be exhibited in England in nearly 40 years recently arrived at the London zoological garden.

To secure a patent in each of the 44 countries issuing them would cost an inventor $15,000, exclusive of the attorneys' fees.

A peculiar feature of Thibetan incense is that its smoke ascends for a considerable distance before it is affected by air currents.

Worms, the product of butterflies which were brought from Venezuela by a recent south wind, are destroying the corn crop of Curacao.

The year 1908 will long be known in Great Britain as the "potato year," the record crop of almost 4,000,000 tons having been produced.

The country's production of blister and Lake copper in 1908 exceeded that of 1907 by 50,000,000 pounds, being more than 900,000,000 pounds.

Flasks or other vessels made of fused silica may be heated white hot and plunged into water without being cracked or otherwise injured.

New dump cars ordered by the United States Steel Corporation will discharge a 50-ton load, with the labor of one man, in less than two minutes.

A new electric barometer depends for its operation upon the short-circuiting of a U-shaped filament by an ordinary barometric mercury column.

An international exposition of clocks, watches, jewelry, mechanical and optical apparatus will be held at St. Petersburg from January 28 to March 28.

A young French chemist has succeeded in producing artificial sapphires from melted alumina in much the same manner as artificial rubies are made.

A month-old baby with a full set of perfectly developed teeth caused a sensation when exhibited at a recent meeting of the Vienna Medical society.

A company has been formed in Connecticut to exploit a typewriter which is held to be noiseless, printing by pressure instead of the hammer-stroke.

The government of the British East Africa protectorate has prohibited any person experimenting with wireless telegraphy without a license from the governor.

One of the biggest electrical companies in Germany is considering the erection of a separate plant for the manufacture of aeroplanes and other forms of airships.

A machine operated on the principle of the vacuum cleaner is being used to pick walnuts in a California grove. Two men operate it, saving the work of eight more.

The Bank of England is experimenting with a new Swiss counting machine, which is said to sort and pack money into bags or tubes at the rate of 72,000 coins per hour.

One-fifth of the sugar raised in the United States is produced at home, one-fifth is brought from our own islands and the remainder is imported from foreign countries.

The Aeronautic society of Great Britain has acquired a tract of ground half a mile square, which will be completely fitted up for experimental work with airships.

The August meteors, according to a leading astronomer, form a stream so broad that the earth, though it travels faster than 18 miles a second, takes seven weeks to cross it.

While the seeds of the dorowa, an East African leguminous tree are extensively used for food, the pods and leaves form an excellent cement when mixed with crushed stone.

Though it is estimated that a gramme of radium contains energy equal to one horsepower for fifteen days, it parts with it so slowly that it would take 15,000 years to exhaust itself.

The largest chimes in the world are being installed in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company's building at New York. The four bells weigh 1,500, 2,000, 5,000 and 7,000 pounds.

An English company, which has sunk half a million dollars in the past eight years in trying to mine gold in the West Indian island of Aruba, has sold out for $4,000 to local capitalists.

Near Calcutta natural gas has been issuing from a crevice in the rocks and burning, according to the natives, for centuries. It is now proposed to extinguish the fire and utilize the gas.

The abandonment of goats' milk as an article of diet by all Europeans living on the island of Malta has completely eliminated a disease known as Maltese fever and made the island one of the most healthful in the Mediterranean.

Asia is believed to hold in reserve more coal than is in all the coal fields of Europe and North America combined. In northern China alone there are believed to be 8,000,000,000 tons.

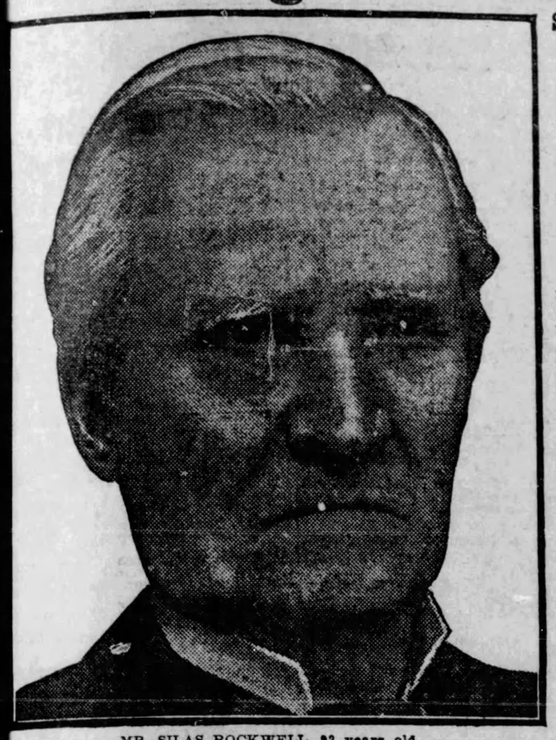
The light intensity of a moonless night is estimated at .001 candle-foot, a moonlight at .014 candle-foot, and of full daylight at from 2,000 to 8,000 candle-feet, depending upon the clouds.

A new twin-screw gunboat for the British navy, though 160 feet long by 24 feet 6 inches, draws but 30 inches and is composed of nine floatable sections, which may be united when afloat.

For the general advancement of the shellfish industry, which yields nearly $50,000,000 a year, a national association has been forced by the shellfish commissioners of the seventeen states interested.

Alaska's mineral output for 1908 is estimated at $19,600,000, more than a million less in value than in 1907. The decreases were in gold and copper,

Invigorating and Healing King of Restoratives



MR. SILAS ROCKWELL, 92 years old.

So Says Mr. Silas Rockwell, who is 92 Years Old, and for Many Years Was One of Cincinnati's Foremost Business Men. Mr. Rockwell's Grandfather Was a Soldier With Washington in the Revolution and Was a Great Lover and Admirer of Washington.

"It is with pleasure I add my testimony to the very many received by you of the efficacy of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. I regard it as a marvelous panacea, invigorating and healing. I shall take much pleasure in recommending it to my friends.

"I am ninety-two years old and subject to many infirmities common to men of mature years, while Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has been a great relief in many ways. I can truly say it is the King of Restoratives."—Silas Rockwell, 314 Garrard Ave., Covington, Ky.

Thousands of unsolicited letters of gratitude like this of Mr. Rockwell are received from grateful patients who are anxious to extol the merits of this great life saver and renewer of youth—Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.

Every testimonial is guaranteed genuine and is published in good faith with full consent.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

is an absolute cure and preventive of consumption, pneumonia, grip, bronchitis, coughs, colds, malaria, low fevers and all wasting, weakened, diseased conditions.

If you wish to keep young, strong and vigorous and have on your cheeks the glow of perfect health, take Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey regularly, according to directions. It tones and strengthens the heart action and purifies the entire system. It is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women and sickly children. It aids digestion, quickens circulation and builds new tissue. It is recognized as a family medicine everywhere.

CAUTION—When you ask your druggist, grocer or dealer for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure you get the genuine. It's the only absolutely pure medicinal malt whiskey and is sold in sealed bottles only—never in bulk. Look for the trade-mark the "Old Chemist" on the label and make sure the seal over the cork is unbroken. Price $1.00. Write Consulting Physician, Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y., for a free illustrated medical booklet and free advice.

SIXTH GIRL IS VICTIM

Body With Sack Over Head Found in Cistern at Dayton—Police Hold Two.

DAYTON MURDER VICTIMS.

Lizzie Fulhart, dead body found in cistern, February 5, 1909.
Mary Forschner, 15, assaulted and killed January 23, 1909.
Anna Markowitz, killed in park August 5, 1907.
Donna Gilman, assaulted and killed November 20, 1906.
Bessie Little, strangled and body thrown into river.
Ada Lentz, assaulted and body thrown into vault.

Dayton, Feb. 6.—Roy Cooley, a former sweetheart of eighteen-year-old Elizabeth Fulhart, of Vandalia, this county, whose decomposed body was found in a cistern here yesterday, was sweated by the police this morning.

Cooley said he had not seen the girl for several months and had not really been closely acquainted with her for a year. He is still being held as well as Albert Wilkie, who first made inquiries about the girl.

Wilkie said he saw the girl last on December 28, and claims to have been searching for her since that time. The statement of the girl's sister in Vandalia that Elizabeth Fulhart was deeply in love with Cooley and that she also entertained the attentions of Wilkie, led the police to take the young men into custody.

"We have several theories now being worked upon," said Chief of Police Allaback this morning, "and the nature of the crime cannot be established until all of them have been thoroughly investigated."

Sack Encloses Head.

The body of the girl was found late yesterday afternoon. Over the head and shoulders a burlap sack had been tightly drawn. The face was mutilated and the body so badly decomposed that Coroner Swisher, upon examination, could not determine whether the girl had been outraged or not. Likewise it was impossible to determine whether the girl was dead before her body was thrown into the water, which partly filled the cistern.

Mrs. Ethel Fulhart, wife of the dead girl's brother, who lived at Vandalia, says she saw Lizzie on the street here on January 25, and chided her for not coming home. She says the girl declared that because of ill-treatment at the hands of her parents she would never return. This story, however, is discredited by the girl's aunt in this city, who thinks the sister-in-law is mistaken.

A post mortem examination was completed about midnight.

Lizzie Fulhart, the victim of the murder, always bore a spotless reputation at her home. She came to this city on December 29, to look for employment and was staying with her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Deeters.

Finding of Body.

The discovery was made by Charles O. Weaver, a contractor, who was employed by the owner of the Matthews residence on North Jefferson street, near Second, to prepare the residence for occupancy. While examining the cistern, which is located about five feet from the back door of the house, Weaver noticed what appeared to be a bundle of clothing floating on the water, which was only two feet below the surface of the ground. With a garden hoe he attempted to lift the bundle and uncovered the girl's feet, when he hurried to a telephone and called the police.

The body was badly decomposed and discolored and the features are almost unrecognizable. The face shows bruises and other evidences of violence are plainly visible. A burlap bag enshrouded the upper portion of the body. The steel cover of the cistern is about eighteen inches in diameter and was fitted closely over the opening.

Adam Fulhart, brother of the dead girl, is unable to advance any theory which would throw light on his sister's terrible fate. The girl left her aunt's home in the morning after her arrival, December 29, in her search for work and was expected to return for dinner at noon and the fact that she failed to do so indicated that the crime must have been committed in the broad light of day, the girl having been enticed into the vacant house and there murdered.

Lured Into House.

Chief of Police Alaback believes that Miss Fulhart was lured into the vacant Matthews home in broad daylight, probably under the pretense that work would be given her there. Then, alone in the big, empty house, where the blinds had been closely drawn, he says she was undoubtedly assaulted and murdered. Whether she was strangled and choked until death came, as were Donna Gilman, Anna Markowitz and Mary Forschner, is not certain. The body is too badly decomposed to determine that point, it is said. That she was brutally beaten in the face, however, there is no doubt, as the features show plainly the marks.

With the death of Lizzie Fulhart six girls have been killed in Dayton by a human fiend in the last ten years. In no case is it certain that the guilty one has been brought to justice. Only a little over two weeks ago pretty Mary Forschner was found dead on the outskirts of the city. Others who died before them are Donna Gilman, Anna Markowitz, Bessie Little and Ada Lentz. On the necks of each were finger marks, the marks of the human fiend who slew them.

TAFT WILL HAVE AUTO

Uncle Sam to Furnish President a Machine.

Washington, Feb. 6.—When Mr. Taft becomes president, he will ride in an automobile furnished by the government. This was decided yesterday by the adoption of the report of the conferees on the urgent deficiency bill, which carries an item of $12,000 for the "purchase, care and maintenance of automobiles for the use of the president."

2-Horse-Power $47.50 Gasoline Engine

We are manufacturers, not merchants. Save dealers, jobbers and catalog house profit. I'll save you from $50 to $300 on my High Grade Standard Gasoline Engines from 2 to 22-H.-P.—Price direct to you lower than dealers or jobbers have to pay for similar engines in carload lots for spot cash.

GALLOWAY

Price and quality speak for themselves and you are to be the sole judge. Sell your poorest horse and buy a 8-H.-P. only $119.50

You Can Make Proper $ to Hire a Man

Direct From My Factory on 30 Days' Free Trial. Satisfaction or money back. Write for special proposition. All you pay me is for raw material, labor and one small profit. Send for my big BOOK FREE.

Wm. Galloway, Pres.
Wm. Galloway Co.
1675 Galloway Station
Waterloo, Iowa

SKIN ERUPTION CURED

Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scratched Constantly.

CUTICURA'S EFFICACY PROVEN

"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

HUNDREDS SIGN HASKELL'S BOND

Muskogee, Okla., Feb. 5.—No method of procedure in the town lot fraud indictment cases will be decided upon until after the arrival of Governor C. N. Haskell here today.

Governor Haskell will be represented by an array of attorneys when placed on trial, which probably will not take place till May or June next. Blank sheets of paper have been attached to Haskell's bond, and hundreds of citizens signed them.

LOEB'S RISE AMAZES

Col. Fowler Says He Can't Understand It.

New York, Feb. 6.—Much surprise was expressed yesterday by Col. E. S. Fowler, collector of the port of New York, over the announcement given out at Washington that he was to be superseded in office by William Loeb, Jr., the President's secretary.

"I was appointed for a full term of four years," said Fowler, "and have served a little more than one year of my term.

"I have conducted the affairs of the collector's office on a purely business basis and solely in the interest of trade and commerce. How well I have succeeded in my efforts it for the importers, merchants and their representatives at New York to state. That is all I care to say at this time."

SPENCER LEADING SHOT FOR 1908.

The official averages of American trapshooters for 1908, which are compiled by The Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trap Shooting, have just been made public. They show that Charles G. Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo., leads all other shooters with the unequaled average of 96.77 per cent for 11,175 targets. Mr. Spencer did this seemingly impossible shooting with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun, listing at $27.00 and Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" shotgun shells—regular stock loads—the kind any sportsman can buy anywhere by asking for the Red W Brand. Six out of the first nine men used Winchester guns or shells—a showing that tells its own story of winning quality.

MAY IGNORE T. R.

His Request for Secrecy Unfavorable to Senate.

Washington, Feb. 6.—President Roosevelt's request that the reply of the secretary of the treasury to the Foraker resolution, calling for an itemized statement of expenditures made from the war deficiency fund of 1899 be considered confidential, may be ignored by the senate. Since the document has been reposing in the files of the committee on military affairs, it has been examined by a number of senators, who say they are not impressed with the importance of concealing from the public the information it contains.

The reason given by President Roosevelt for the request that the information should be kept as executive matter was that the war fund had been used to send military agents into foreign countries to gather material for the secret use of this government. While it is said that this is true in regard to some expenditures, certain senators have declared that the report so hides the details connected with such expenditures that the publication of the report could not result in any diplomatic estrangements with other governments.

WILL CONDEMN PLANTS

Bill to Provide Taking Over of Soo Concerns by the Government.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 4.—It is understood on the best authority that the rivers and harbors bill, to be reported within a few days, will contain a provision for the taking over of the power companies at Sault Ste. Marie by the United States government.

Representative Burton, chairman of the house committee on rivers and harbors, has decided that such action will best clear up the situation at this point, and has definitely concluded to make specific provision for the condemnation of the properties. The Michigan-Lake Superior company and the Chandler-Dunbar company are the concerns which, it is said, will be named in the bill.

Both Representative Lorimer, of Illinois, and Representative Young, of Michigan, have bills pending before the committee bearing on this subject. Mr. Young's measure provides that the United States government may lease the properties after having purchased them.

$20,000,000 IN DEED

Heirs Will Try to Claim Big St. Louis Estate.

Butler, Pa., Feb. 6.—Documents found yesterday in the lining of an old trunk are the evidence upon which the heirs of James Hillman will base claims to an estate at St. Louis said to be valued now at $20,000,000.

Hannah Hillman, a daughter of James, went from Butler to St. Louis about 1809 and bought 1,600 acres of land near the location of the present St. Louis bridge, paying $17 an acre for it. She willed the land to her father, and the documents were placed in an old trunk.

BOMB STARTS PANIC

Patients in Danger When Outrage Is Perpetrated.

New York, Feb. 6.—Scores of people were thrown into a panic and the lives of several tiny scarlet fever sufferers may be lost as the result of the explosion of a bomb outside the vestibule of an East Seventy-fifth street tenement house early today. The police believe the so-called Black Hand is responsible for the outrage, as they say a grocer named Pacolocci, who occupied a store on the ground floor of the building which was blown up, had received threatening letters. Pacolocci denies this.

GOV. HASKELL INDICTED

Executive, With Six Others, Charged With Conspiracy to Defraud the the Government.

WHAT HASKELL SAYS.

Guthrie, Okla., Feb. 4.—Governor Haskell, when informed that he was indicted, issued the following statement to the Associated Press:

"I have just heard of the indictment for conspiracy, coupled with seven or eight of the oldest and highest charactered citizens of Muskogee, men who developed and built up that country by their unselfish effort. From now on the proceedings will be open to both sides.

"Hearst's crooked manipulations will be at a discount.

"I am satisfied the interior department has been misled by false statements. I am confident there has not been a dishonest act done by any of the indicted parties, and that good citizens in general, regardless of politics, feel the same way.

"C. N. HASKELL."

Muskogee, Okla., Feb. 4.—Governor Charles N. Haskell and six other prominent Oklahomans have been indicted on charges of conspiracy to defraud the government by the federal grand jury investigating the alleged town lot frauds. The indictments were returned last night.

Those Indicted.

The others indicted are: F. B. Severs, A. Z. English, C. W. Turner, W. T. Hutchings, Jesse W. Hill and Walter R. Eaton.

The jury was instructed to report for duty again Monday morning and it was learned that the jury is to consider matters other than the town lot frauds next week.

Among other things charged in the bill is the allegation "that Turner and Porter and Charles N. Haskell and Walter R. Eaton conspired together for the purpose of securing all the lots into which the tracts had been platted at one-half their appraised value and thus evading the provisions of the Creek agreement and defrauding the Creek nation of money which have come to it through the auction sales.

The Allegations.

It is alleged that in order to carry out the conspiracy "it was agreed between the parties that all of the property should be scheduled and sold to persons under the control and domination of the parties, or some of them, and persons nominated by them and that an arrangement would be perfected with the parties to whom the property was to be scheduled and sold to immediately reconvey the same to Turner, Porter, Haskell or Eaton, or to some person designated by them and that the property, profits and proceeds therefore should belong to Turner, Porter, Haskell and Eaton."

It is further alleged that the parties in whose names the lots were scheduled "permitted themselves to be used as mere dummies in the scheme of defrauding the Creek Nation."

Relative of Ohioan.

Walter R. Eaton, one of the men indicted, is a brother-in-law of Walter R. Richie, of Lima, Ohio. He is the secretary of the Indianola Contracting company, of which Governor Haskell is president, and which, it is alleged, scheduled the names of many "dummies" to secure town lots.

James W. Hill, another of those indicted, came here from Texas, and became identified with the Muskogee Development company. It is claimed he disposed of a large number of lots fraudulently scheduled.

Fifteen of the wealthiest men in Muskogee called at the office of the United States marshal here last night and signed Governor Haskell's bond for $5,000. Many more asked to be allowed to sign it.

All those indicted probably will be arraigned before Judge Campbell tomorrow.

TEXAS MASONS OBJECT

Don't Want Taft Made a "Mason at Sight."

Houston, Tex., Feb. 5.—The Masonic chapter at Wortham, Tex., has adopted strong resolutions condemning the action of the grand master of Ohio in granting a special dispensation in the case of President-elect Taft permitting him to become a Mason "at sight" February 18, at Columbus, O.

It is expected that Masonic lodges in other sections of the south will take similar action. The resolutions will be forwarded to the grand high priest.

Regular, Says Melish.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 5.—W. B. Melish, past grand master of the Ohio Grand Lodge of Masons, said that the adoption of the resolution by the Masonic chapter at Wortham, Tex., is unprecedented and inexcusable. He declared that the action of the grand master of Ohio was absolutely regular and Masonic in every respect and in accordance with Masonic precedent. He said that the Wortham Chapter, in adopting the resolution, is either an irregular chapter or it is violating the tenets of Masonry in passing such a resolution, and that the grand high priest can be asked to discipline the chapter.

NO MEDICINE

But a Change of Food Gave Relief.

Many persons are learning that drugs are not the thing to rebuild worn out nerves, but proper food is required.

There is a certain element in the cereals, wheat, barley, etc., which is grown there by nature for food to brain and nerve tissue. This is the phosphate of potash, of which Grape-Nuts food contains a large proportion.

In making this food all the food elements in the two cereals, wheat and barley, are retained. That is why so many heretofore nervous and run down people find in Grape-Nuts a true nerve and brain food.

"I can say that Grape-Nuts food has done much for me as a nerve renewer, writes a Wis. bride.

"A few years ago, before my marriage, I was a bookkeeper in a large firm. I became so nervous toward the end of each week that it seemed I must give up my position, which I could not afford to do.

"Mother purchased some Grape-Nuts and we found it not only delicious but I noticed from day to day that I was improving until I finally realized I was not nervous any more.

"I have recommended it to friends as a brain and nerve food, never having found its equal. I owe much to Grape-Nuts, as it saved me from a nervous collapse and enabled me to retain my position."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

PANIC OVER WAR

Britain Fears German Invasion May Catch the Country Unprepared for Fight.

London, Feb. 8.—England is in panic over the possibility of invasion by a German army.

The solemn warnings which Lord Roberts has been uttering for two years and the fervid speeches which Mr. Haldane, the minister of war, has been making all over the country, have done their work, and suddenly the whole people have awakened to a realization of what war would mean. Nothing is talked of in the street, the club, the home, except the defense of the island.

King Goes to Berlin.

The war fever was intensified today by the departure of King Edward and Queen Alexandra for Berlin, where no British king has been for 186 years.

Lord Esher, having appealed through the Daily Mail for 11,000 volunteers to complete the quota of the county of London in the territorial army, an anonymous reader has sent to him a check for $50,000 to assist in the work of recruiting this force.

Efforts, which can be described only as frenzied, are being made to recruit the territorial army. The vaunted efficiency of the navy is more than suspected as its condition is closely inspected. The admiralty is asking the government for authority to lay down six Dreadnaughts this year.

A Panic Program.

This is a panic program, and, taken in connection with the fresh concentration of naval strength in the North Sea—most inopportunely announced on the eve of the king's departure for Berlin—is sufficient evidence of the hollow mockery of the pretense that England and Germany are prepared to abandon their mutual suspicions.

A remarkable wave of militarism has suddenly swept over England during the last week, which delights the friends of the "larger army" and alarms the supporters of the Liberal party, who see in this only unnecessary public expenditure and incitement to war with Germany.

The territorial army scheme of Mr. Haldane, secretary of war, still lacks more than 50,000 men of the number necessary to its fulfillment.

Book Excites Diplomats.

A book by Stein on the Kaiser is exercising diplomatic circles here. One statement made in it is to the effect that the present home-defense agitation in England is really the consequence of a demand by France, which requires England to create a big standing army before she will allow the entente to develop into a formal alliance. Herr Stein proceeds:

"The funds for augmenting the British army would certainly be granted by the British parliament if the expenditure for the fleet could simultaneously be decreased without sacrificing the two-power standard—that is, if Germany would agree to a mutual limitation of naval armament. This direct hint was given at Kronenberg in August, 1908, but Kaiser William was not romantic enough to agree to this method of making the world happy."

Employers Interested.

Some employers have been stirred to interest themselves in the mobilization project and are offering inducements to their workmen to join the territorial forces.

London's complement still lacks 11,000 men and the funds which have been contributed will be applied to the work of the London county territorial association in seeking to make up this shortage of men. One of the largest insurance companies, of which Lord Rithschild is president, has passed a resolution that all clerks employed by it after March 1 will be required to join the territorial army.

Talk of Conscription.

The matter is becoming more and more a political question of defense. The agitators proclaim that the country must have more volunteers or adopt conscription. Conscription as a possibility has come up for discussing to a greater degree than ever before. A strong faction of the Liberals is doing everything possible to suppress the heated newspaper talk, as they believe this tends more to bring on war than to strengthen the country's defense.

In all quarters Germany is pointed out as the possible enemy against which the island must prepare and the call for soldiers and for six more Dreadnaughts which comes on the eve of the visit of the King and Queen to Berlin seems an unhappy coincidence, for Germany's increased naval program was launched at the time of the Emperor's last visit to England and created much feeling here.

Salvador Planning War.

Panama, Feb. 8.—Passengers by a steamship have just arrived here and report warlike preparations on the part of Salvador and Nicaragua. When the last Pacific mail steamer passed down the coast President Figueroa, of Salvador, with a big military staff, was inspecting all the port garrisons, it being reported that an invasion of Salvadorean revolutionists, headed by Dr. Alfiro and assisted by Nicaragua, was imminent.

Would Down Zelaya.

It is generally believed that President Figueroa, of Salvador, and President Cabrera, of Guatemala, are anxious for the overthrow of President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, who is their untiring enemy. It is thought probable the movement may start in Honduras first, but that within a short time the other Central American republics will be involved.

WANTS NAVY IN TRIM

Roosevelt Thinks Organization Imperfect for Quick Scrap in Emergency.

Washington, Feb. 5.—Perfect efficiency in military action is President Roosevelt's idea of what the organization of the navy department should provide and which, in his opinion, it now lacks.

Under his call for that purpose, a commission of eight men of wide experience in naval matters, met today to consider needs of the navy.

The commission consists of two former secretaries of the navy—Paul Morton, of New York, and Associate Justice William H. Moody, of the supreme court of the United States; Judge A. G. Dayton, of West Virginia, formerly of the house naval affairs committee, and five retired rear admirals—S. B. Luce, A. T. Mahan, W. M. Folger, R. D. Evans and W. S. Cowles.

The President explicitly stated that he desired them to consider and report, first, the fundamental principles of a system of organization and execution that will provide and maintain an immediate preparedness of the battle fleet for any hostility in time of peace; and, second, to specifically recommend changes necessary in the present naval organization that will accomplish this result. The commission is to consider strategic needs of the fleet and number, location and facilities of navy yards.

MASONS ARE ANGRY

Say Hoskin Was Too Quick About Inviting Taft.

Houston, Tex., Feb. 6.—The Masonic lodges at Sherman and Conroe have adopted resolutions condemning Grand Master Charles Hoskin, of Ohio, for inviting William H. Taft to become a Mason on sight.

SEEDS

BUCKBEE'S SEEDS SUCCEED!

SPECIAL OFFER:

Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

Prize Collection Radish, 17 varieties; Lettuce, 13 kinds; Tomatoes, 11 the finest; Turnip, 7 splendid; Onion, 6 best varieties; 10 Spring-flowering Bulbs—63 varieties in all.

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Write to-day; Mention this Paper.

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PERFECTLY REMOVED. I have a GUARANTEED safe and positively SURE way to take hairs off face, arms, neck, like Magic. I HAVE THE TRUE SECRET. Write for information. I send it sealed. FREE. Address HELEN DOUGLAS, 20 E. 22 St., New York

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USE MENDETS

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; two million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 290 Amsterdam, N. Y.

PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE ALL ABOUT FLOWERS 500 fine engravings also Aster, Phlox, Carnonia, Pansy, Pink, worth 50c. All Free if you write me a letter, not a postal. AND WHEN WRITING why not enclose 10 cts for Park's Floral Magazine, a charming illustrated monthly, bright as a Marigold, 1 year, with pkt Double Petunia, and Package of 100 kinds, for a big crazy bed. 3 lots 25c. Club with friends. GEO. W. PARK, 19, La Park, Pa.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farming to work on an office. Quick promotion, steady employment, good pay. Write at once. Apply at employment office of Canadian Pacific Railway, Desk 68, Montreal, Canada.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles FREE

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VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME. $1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. Ontario Veterinary Correspondence School, London, Can.

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LADIES Let us send you FREE a 50 cent Box of VIVA SANA, a Home Treatment for Female Diseases. Write now. EDWIN MERCER CO., Dept. M., DETROIT, MICH

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DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS. Address, Sayman, 2419 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

$36 A WEEK and expenses to men with rig to introduce poultry and stock remedies. Grant Co., Dept. 90, Springfield, Illinois.

FENCE STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong chicken-tight. Sold to the user at wholesale Prices. We Pay Freight. Catalogue free COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 216 Winchester, Indiana.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address DUKLER COMPANY, X 499, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

$90 A MONTH, $60 expense allowance at start, to put out Merchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house. American Home Supply Co., Desk W. 4, Chicago, Ill.

VIRGINIA FARMS AND HOMES. FREE CATALOGUE OF SPLENDID BARGAINS. R. B. Chaffin & Co., Inc., Richmond, Va.

WOMAN Listen! A secret every married woman should know, information for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

SELL Tobacco and Cigars locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Good pay; promotion; experience unnecessary. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box T-24, Danville, Va.

ISLE OF PINES—Fine climate, oranges, pineapple, other tropical fruits, tobacco; make fine living on 20 acres; folder, prices on application. JOHN SCHOEPFLE, SANDUSKY, O.

GUNS—GOVERNMENT GUNS. We carry a line of Government Guns, first-class shape for shooting or decorating walls and dens. United States Springfield Breech Loading rifles, $1.75; Sharps carbine, $1.75; Repeating rifle, 13 shots, for $5. Lee Navy, Spanish Mausers, Spencers, Remington Repeaters, Swords, Sword Bayonets, Belts, Bits, Revolvers, Flint Lock Pistols, Ball Shot, Blank Cartridges. Send stamp for price list. Ohio Supply Co., Box 730, Steubenville, O.

Why Suffer With Kidney Trouble? Send 15c to Carr Drug Co., Muncie, Ind., and get full-sized 50c box Kaskrex Kidney Tablets. They cure backache in 24 hrs. Quick relief; speedy cure for all kidney, bladder troubles and bedwetting.

LADIES—Do you want to marry? Write The Home Finder. Correspondence strictly confidential. D, Box 281, Marion, Ind.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Write today for free sample of Fostorine—wonderful cure for Rheumatism and a positive specific for swollen or strained muscles. Fostorine Remedy Co., Toledo, O.

Listen—40-a. farm $485; good house, near town, terms, other farms. McGrath, Mountain View, Mo

VIRGINIA—Old plantation, 10-r. residence and millions ft. timber; anxious sell. Nat'l Gregory, Chase City, Va.

WANTED— Information regarding a good farm for sale in locality where good crops are certain. Give price and brief description and state when possession can be had. Will deal with owners only who will sell direct to buyer. Address, Norman B. Mack, Drawer 955 W., Buffalo, N. Y.

50 Handsome Colored Post Cards 15

The greatest bargain ever heard of. Consists of a splendid assortment of colored and embossed cards, birthday greetings, flowers, battleships, views, etc., etc. No comics, all sent postpaid. 50 for 15c. You cannot afford to miss this great offer which we are making to introduce our bargain post card catalogue which we also send free with the post cards. Address, DAVIS BROS. Post Card Dept. B-81 Chicago.

SIX BLOWN TO PIECES

Large Quantity of Dynamite and Cartridges Explode.

Nancy, France, Feb. 8.—Six persons were blown to pieces yesterday by the explosion of a large quantity of dynamite and ten thousand blasting cartridges in the storehouse of a mine at Tucquegnieux. The windows of all the houses within a radius of three miles were broken by the concussion.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2784—Ladies' Waist, with body lining and with or without bolero and girdle. This is a dainty and attractive model for the waist of silk, messaline or challis, with a bolero of velvet or satin hand embroidered in the same or a contrasting shade of silk floss. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2775—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with fancy yoke. A model that will be much worn, developed in batiste, lawn, messaline or nun's veiling and trimmed with heavy lace insertion. 6 sizes—30 to 42.

2788—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with inverted box plait at center back seam and at lower part of side-front seams. The model is a very stylish one for the separate skirt of any material, having the fashionable slim appearance around the top and plenty of room around the feet. 8 sizes—22 to 36c.

2760—Misses' Five-Gored Skirt, closing at left side of front. A model that will be much used for the separate skirt of serge, mohair, flannel or cheviot as well as for all the washable materials, such as linen, khaki or pique. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2787—Girl's and Child's One-Piece Dress, closing at center back. A simple model suitable for development in any material, and trimmed with hand embroidery in mercerized cotton or silk floss, according to the material used for the making. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2756—Child's Coat. This is an excellent model for broadcloth, serge, cheviot, cashmere, wool, batiste, or any of the linens or Indian Head cottons, with the collar trimmed with insertion of heavy lace. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2550—Child's Apron. This pretty little model is a charming design for heavy linen, chambray, Indian Head cotton or lawn, trimmed with braid or buttonholing. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2395—Girl's and Child's One-Piece Dress. This is an excellent model for challis, cashmere, albatross, or gingham, chambray, batiste or lawn trimmed with bands of a contrasting shade of a similar material. 6 sizes—1 to 11 years.

2160—Ladies' Chemise or Combination Corset-Cover and Short Petticoat, slipped on over the head. Nainsook, batiste, Persian lawn or China silk are suitable materials for this garment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2779—Ladies' Dressing Sack. A pretty little model for flannel, cashmere, voile, or silk, with collar and cuffs hand embroidered in buttonhole stitch with the same or a contrasting color of mercerized cotton or washable silk floss. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2759—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, closing at front. A suitable design for a washable waist made up in sheer batiste, cotton voile, chambray, linen or silk. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2782—Misses' Semi-fitting Coat, in three-quarter length. This model is particularly desirable made up in broadcloth, mohair, serge, Venetian cloth or cheviot, trimmed with military braid and fancy frog ornaments. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2475—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, adapted to bordered goods or a combination of two materials. This is an excellent pattern for bordered foulards or for plain batiste, with the border and yoke made of all-over embroidery or of checked batiste in one or two colors. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2274—Boys' Blouse, striped Madras, or linen, chambray, Victoria lawn, thin cambric or flannel are all suitable materials for the development of this jaunty shirtwaist. 5 sizes—5 to 13 years.

2762—Child's Dress, with long or short sleeves. A simple and attractive little frock developed from thin cambric, lawn, organdie or mull, with a yoke of all-over lace. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2758—Girl's Dress, with high or low neck and long or elbow sleeves. The model for this dainty frock is of the newest designs and will develop well in almost any material. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

1657—Girl's Suspender Dress, with guimpe and plaited skirt. Serge, mohair, challis, wool batiste and cotton voile, with a guimpe of silk or batiste are the best materials for this model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2072—Child's Tucked Coat. This model is an excellent one for serge, cheviot, Venetian cloth or broadcloth. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2786—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress. Closing at back and having an attached nine-gored skirt. This is a charming model and one that is suitable for wool batiste, cotton voile, Henrietta or any soft finished material on that order. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2767—Ladies' Work Apron, striped or checked gingham or linen, chambray, duck or denim all develop well in these useful aprons which protect the dress from all dust and dirt. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

TAFT LEAVES ISTHMUS

Colon, Feb. 8.—President-elect William H. Taft and party left here last evening on board the United States cruiser North Carolina for New Orleans. Mr. Taft gave out the following:

"I am not prepared now to make a statement as to the results of the trip to the Isthmus, except to say that we have found the work progressing in a most satisfactory way; the organization better than ever before; the esprit de corps excellent and the determination of all, even the humblest laborer, directed to the building of the canal."

A Great Invention.

Gadd—"What do you think is the greatest thing about Gov. Hughes?"

Cadd—"His inventive genius."

Gadd—"Didn't know he had any. What did he invent?"

Cadd—"The horseless race track."

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Arise and meet the daylight;
Be strong and do your best,
With an honest heart and a childlike faith
That God will do the rest.

MONDAY

Constant fretting and fault-finding and breaking out into sarcasm and anger may bereave a house of all honor, peace and comfort

TUESDAY

There is always a golden age, soon to be behind us, which, at every period of our life, is before us—just as tomorrow's yesterday is still today. So we may all take courage. It is never too late to mend.

WEDNESDAY

Never was there a cloud which has not passed,
Never was there a storm, however long, which did not cease.

THURSDAY

Each little day
That slips away
And finds for thee no pleasure,
That steals along
Without a song,
Is just a wasted treasure.

FRIDAY

Give me Content, all else is vain.
Nor power nor majesty may gain
The prize. And yet in me are blent
All these, the while I have content.

SATURDAY

When we do the best we can, we never know what miracle is wrought in our life or in the life of another.

THE THING WORTH HAVING

ELIZABETH AYRES

While it is claimed that the celebration of the 14th of February with Cupid enthroned as ruler, is of pagan origin, the name of an early Christian martyr distinguishes the day. The association of St. Valentine with the ancient festival of love was purely accidental, but the name has come down through the ages, and one of the most austere saints in the Christian calendar is indissolubly entangled with the mischievous little god of pagan mythology.

Aside from the romance and sentiment which are connected with St. Valentine's day there are other phases of love to be remembered, and it is good to have a day dedicated to the greatest thing in life; a thing which Margaret E. Sangster, in the February Woman's Home Companion, defines as a "foundation."

"Everything worth having in life is built on love," she writes. "This is the cornerstone. Love and loyalty transfigure the plainest home. A home in which there is neither love nor faith is more wretched than a prison. The topic should interest the whole family. Not one in the circle can be left out of consideration when we are thinking of love. It enfolds the cradle with protecting arms, it shelters old age from cold and loneliness, it gives courage and strength to the bread winner, and enables the tired mother to sing as she goes about her daily tasks."

It is possible to live without love, but a loveless life is a barren and purposeless existence. The knowledge that one has the protection, the sympathy, the inspiration and the thought that love gives goes a long way in making happiness and in smoothing the rough places.

To know someone cares what we are, and for what we do, is an incentive to do the best we can; the feeling that "nobody cares," is accompanied with desolation, bitterness and a savagery that repel love and its benefits and blessings. We cannot force love, but it rests largely with ourselves whether we are loved or not, and we either invite love or drive it away by our attitude and actions.

It is a rare gift to be able to "like folks," to have a friendly interest in those with whom we come in contact, and to make them feel that we find them likable. It is human nature to care more for some than for others, but to "like folks" in a universal sort of way, is to diffuse a spirit of kindliness that is as comforting as the warmth of the sun upon a shivering body. We may like the many and, perhaps, love only the few, but if we frame our hearts even to the semblance of loving, the semblance is likely to turn to reality.

The one who has a friendly soul, who loves the human family, who has patience with its irritating ways, and charity for its follies, sweetens life and wins its sweetness in return.

"Everything, worth having in life is built on love, and so it is fitting to interrupt our practical affairs on St. Valentine's day and remember it is a day dedicated especially to love, not only the love ruled by Cupid's fancy, but the love that holds friends and families together; the love that makes the whole world akin, and awakens tenderness, sympathy and charity. And when considering this, it will not come amiss to give sign that we are remembering, and in thus performing the offices of the heart, reconcile the Christian St. Valentine with the god of love, for love is the attribute of Christianity.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

TO EARN MONEY

May I come in and "say my say" about how women in the country or small towns may earn money?

After long-tried and always profitable butter making and poultry raising, I will recommend bee-keeping as a business which can be successfully handled by women. It requires little outlay of capital and the receipts are nearly all clear gain. If you are a beginner I would advise you to get a book on bee culture and start with one colony, increasing your stock as your experience increases. Bee-keeping calls for little room, no outlay for feed, and there is always a ready sale for honey.

If you are looking for something which will bring quick returns and requires no capital to start, try baking bread. In even a small village there are always women who prefer buying bread rather than baking it and most of them prefer a good home-made article to the baker's product, and are even willing to pay a little more for it.

Then, if you can make really good cookies, doughnuts, pies or cakes you can branch out into those lines.

There is a ready sale for home-made mince meat, fruit cake and plum pudding in winter if you can turn out a really good article.

If you have fruit, or can buy it cheaply, try making jelly, jam, pickles, etc., for sale. Use only pure fruit and fruit juices and build up a reputation for your products, as only superior articles will sell at a price to make you a profit.

Sauerkraut and home-made lye hominy sell readily in some places. I know an elderly couple who clear from $75 to $100 each winter on their sales of prepared horseradish. The roots are dug in the fall, stored in a cellar where the temperature is below the freezing point, and are then cleaned, ground in a food chopper and bottled for sale.

To make any of these profitable you must keep a strict account of expenditures, not forgetting to make an allowance for fuel consumed, and fix your prices high enough to cover all expenses and allow you something for your time and labor.—An M. G. R. Girl.

A LETTER FROM GEORGIA

I enjoy reading the Cozy Corner and when I get The Blade I turn to that column first. Now, dear sisters, were those not fine thoughts in the article, Forgiving and Forgetting, which appeared in The Blade of December 17? They hit me hard, for I have often used those words, but until late years have more often said, "I will never forgive." I was always very slow to anger and very slow to get over it. These are not good traits, yet I have been very angry but a few times in my life.

In the same issue I read what A Michigan Pioneer had written. Yes, dear Salome, the old pioneers were brave. I was one of them, and an older pioneer than you. I landed at Pentwater, in Oceana county, in June of 1859, with my first baby, who was but three months old, in my arms. We bought a farm near Hart, and until seven years ago I lived within 50 miles of Pentwater. Since then I have been to Chicago, Oregon, California, through Arizona, New Mexico and Florida, and I am now settled in Georgia.

I must tell you of our home here in the sunny south. I have roses in bloom in my garden, and carnations. We have lettuce, green onions, beets, radishes and mustard greens. We had new potatoes for Christmas. Our peach trees, that were set out only three years ago, had quite a few peaches on in the past year. I think we shall have quite a crop this year. We have blossoms now, but I expect the frost will get them. We have frosts here, but it does not freeze hard enough to do very much injury. Peaches, pears, corn, sweet potatoes, some Irish potatoes, cotton and sugar cane are very good crops. As soon as the canes get large enough some of them are cut and taken to the stores to be sold. The natives here are called "Crackers," and you may see young and old going along the streets chewing on a cane from four to six feet long and as large around as your wrist. They like the juice of the cane. It is very sweet, but is rather sickening to me. I would like to tell of far-away Oregon, and if you would care to hear from there I will come again. With many good wishes for the Cozy Corner, the M. G. R., and the dear children.—Aunt Mary.

We shall be very glad to hear from you whenever you feel like writing.—Editor.

AN ATTRACTIVE GIFT

An attractive gift may be made by folding prettily colored cambric into leaves a little larger than the space occupied by Morning Thoughts at the head of the Household page. Notch the leaves, sew them together at the back and tie with baby ribbon. Cut out the Morning Thoughts just as they are, leaving the days of the week, and paste them on the leaves. I think this is a nice little gift for some of our dear shut-ins to receive or to give.—A Subscriber.

A KINDLY MESSAGE

The Christmas holidays have passed once more and the boys and girls are hurrying back to school. As we say, God bless and keep those who will so soon be men and women, with life's tumult of joys and cares, we realize more than ever our great responsibility as parents.

Are we training them to reap more of joy; joy in knowing that honesty brings contentment; that riches are not the only essential to happiness, that Godliness, with contentment, is great gain? May the Christmas spirit last throughout the year, and may each and all the dear sisters have the happiest of New Years.—An Idaho Mother.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.

The letter from the Western Woman with the "no account" husband, has caused quite a commotion in the Cozy Corner and several have written to express their indignation. That he should be "trained" is the universal opinion. The methods suggested are rather blood-thirsty, in fact, they closely resemble cruelty to animals. The milder writers advise Western Woman to do what seems to be her duty, but to refuse to be a slave, and this she will doubtless find to be the better way.

Sister Alice.—Thank you for your encouraging words. They help more than a little.

H. Greeley Miller.—I regret to say your request is "against the rules."

The past week has brought to the Cozy Corner quite a budget of letters and we are pleased to have heard from Sister Alice, Happy Jack, Mountaineer, An Ohio Farmer's Wife, Old Scold, A Blade Reader, Leatha Fincanon, Mrs. C. E. Burnet, An Eastern Woman, Uncle Dave, Sally, Little Girl, Wm. Soper, Mrs. Hoosier Puer Poeta, Nettie, Mrs. Mattie Covey, Yours Truly, R. W. B., James A. Stoughton, and Gay.

Please do not write for addresses of our letter writers as these are something we do not supply.—Editor.

VEGETABLE COOKERY

Vegetables are the cleanest and most wholesome of foods, and everyone should eat them in abundance. In the cooking of vegetables that grow above the ground, says The Housekeeper, salt should be added to the water before putting in the vegetables as it has a tendency to slightly toughen the fiber and keep it in shape. In cooking the coarser vegetables, which are those that grow below the ground, salt should not be added until they are nearly done. It should be remembered that vegetables should be cooked in only enough water to cover them, for if any water is thrown away then a large proportion of the mineral matter and potash salts is thrown out with it and the body is thus defrauded. This is one of the careless ways in which "a woman throws out with a teaspoon." A small bit of cooking soda will soften and in the case of vegetables like asparagus, peas and beans, the green color is intensified. Care should be taken, however, that only a small quantity of soda be used for it has a tendency to dissolve the structure of the plant. Those vegetables like spinach, tomatoes and rhubarb, which are largely water, may be cooked in their own juice, which develops a much finer flavor than when cooked by adding water.

Oatmeal Soup—Slice one large onion into one teaspoon of melted butter, and let it simmer. Add one cup of cooked oatmeal and cook until the onions are tender. Add a scant pint of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Strain, bring to a boil, and serve hot with toasted wafers.

Sweet Potatoes Southern Style—Choose plump, well-ripened potatoes, pare them (raw), cut them in two lengthwise and season with salt and pepper. In a large, flat-bottomed saucepan or kettle place two tablespoons of butter and one of sugar. When hot, lay in enough potatoes to cover the bottom closely, add boiling water to half cover them and place on the back of the stove where the heat is gentle. Cook slowly for about an hour, turning them once. By this time the water will have evaporated, leaving a little butter sauce to pour over the dish in serving.

Baked Squash—Take a solid Hubbard squash, small in size, and cut in half. Remove seeds, and smooth ends so that it will set evenly. Bake both halves in the shell and when done remove the meat and mash thoroughly. Season with salt, pepper and butter; turn in half a cupful of rich cream and beat until light. Fill one of the halves of the squash shell with this mixture and set in the oven until slightly browned. Serve in shell.

Griddled Potatoes—Boil white potatoes with their jackets on and let them cool before peeling. Peel them and cut into rather thick slices lengthwise of the potatoes. Stir into some olive oil or melted butter, a few drops of onion juice, some salt and some pepper. Dip each slice of potato into the oil, arrange on a buttered gridiron and broil over a clear fire.

Carrots au Gratin—Clean, scrape and cut into dice three cupfuls of carrots. Place these in a baking dish and cover with a cupful of clear stock. Season the whole with salt, paprika, a little dry mustard, and one-half an onion chopped fine with a green pepper from which the white seeds have been removed. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes, then add one and one-half cupfuls of milk to which a well beaten egg has been added. Turn this over the contents of the baking dish and sprinkle over with one-half cupful of grated cheese. Put in the oven and bake for fifteen minutes longer. Serve this in the dish in which it is baked.

Creamed Cabbage—Take a fresh, solid head of cabbage, shred rather fine, and soak for one hour in cold salt water. Drain thoroughly and place in a kettle with one pint of boiling water to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added. Cook for twenty minutes and drain. Have ready a thin cream sauce in which hard boiled eggs, chopped, have been mixed. Turn over the cabbage and let heat in double boiler for a couple of minutes and serve.

Potatoes with Eggs—In a granite baking dish place a layer of potatoes, season with butter, pepper and salt, then a layer of eggs and a sprinkling of bread-crumbs. Alternate the above, using the crumbs last. Pour over one cupful of rich milk and bake slowly until brown. About an hour in a slow oven will be the required time.

Potato Scones—Mash one-half pound of cold potatoes, add a little salt, then knead in as much flour as the potatoes will take up, being careful not to allow it to become lumpy; add as much milk as is required to make a stiff dough. Roll out very thin, cut into small rounds with a tumbler, and prick with a fork. Bake on a hot griddle for five minutes, turning so as to brown on both sides. These are easily baked, but must be turned. Serve hot.

BEAUTIFUL BUST

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The great physical charm of woman is a firm, full, well-developed bosom and nothing is so humiliating and makes her so self-conscious as a thin, flat, undeveloped figure.

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HEROINE OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE

HELENA-QUEEN of ITALY

An untiring, devoted, self-effacing work in the alleviation of human misery such as has seldom been put to the credit of a crowned head of Europe has now made Queen Helena the idol and almost the patron saint of the Italian people. World-wide interest in her personality has been aroused by the heroic part played by the Italian queen in the work of rescuing the unfortunate victims of the terrible earthquake in Sicily and Calabria,

As soon as the news of the terrible fate which had overtaken Messina and Reggio reached the king, he resolved to hurry to the scene, accompanied by a few staff officers. Queen Helena immediately demanded that she be allowed to join the party.

"They are my people as well as yours," she said.

She accompanied the king in the steam launch in which he surveyed the shores of the ruined cities. She remained for some time on board the warship Regina Margherita, which had been transformed into a hospital, attending to the injured, helping the nurses and doctors, speaking a kind word to every one. It would not be easy to describe how comforting was her presence among the poor sufferers. They called her the Angel of Charity. The Royal Majesty was left behind. She wore a simple dress, and mixed unceremoniously among the soldiers and civilians of the rescue parties. She did not take the slightest care of herself, and seemed offended when somebody reminded her of the dangers to which she exposed herself or begged her to take some rest.

Rest? The queen seemed never tired. She was everywhere, going from one part of the ruined town to another, always encouraging, consoling, and helping with her own hands. She looked very pale, and, indeed, the sight of so many miseries might well impress her terribly, but it was wonderful how she controlled herself. Once, however, was she found weeping. A sailor from the Russian warship Slava was trying to rescue a woman from a house that had collapsed, when a wall fell on him and killed him. "Povero Croe" (the poor hero), murmured the queen, and her eyes filled with tears.

While Queen Helena has not been too eager for the honors of royalty, she has labored hard in fulfilling the duties of her rank. She began at home. The frugality was shown in the way in which she cut down all the unnecessary and extravagant expenses of the palace, both in the kitchen and the servants' hall. The same spirit is shown in her simplicity in dress. The ladies of Rome—especially the milliners—complain that she has no love of finery, but singular to say, the aristocrats are actually following her example. At a recent afternoon meeting of ladies, held for the promotion of female education, there appeared to be a noticeable lack of rich or elaborate toilets, and the queen was as simply dressed as any of them. Plenty of beautiful faces and the sound of soft, sweet voices, but no laces or jewelry. There were dresses of blue, gray, or brown, and street bonnets in abundance, and the queen set the example of showing that business is business. The particular business of the meeting was the education of girls and women to such a degree as would enable them to earn a comfortable living for themselves and their families.—From "Queen Helena, Heroine of the Italian People," in the American Review of Reviews for February.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

For various and sundry reasons we shall not begin our Reunion for another week. Trusting this will meet with your approval, and that you will pardon the delay, I remain, faithfully yours—Miss Prudence.

I have long enjoyed reading the "M. G. R." columns, and with the last questions, "What do you consider noble in a woman, and what do you consider noble in a man?" Miss Prudence says, "Do not wait to see what someone else writes, but write your own ideas on the subject." While my ideas may differ from many, yet the invitation was so cordial that I will write trusting that if anything worthy is found in my letter it will be printed, if not I shall some day try again.

This month we celebrate the birthday anniversaries of three men, who, to me, seem among the ones we must class "Noble," namely: Washington, Lincoln and McKinley.

While their opinions on some subjects varied, yet their life works seemed to be for the bettering of mankind. When we read of Lincoln how often we find some laughable story which makes it seem that his was a fun-loving, careless life; yet when we read a little farther and find some of this fellow creatures in need of the helping hand, true sympathy, or forgiveness, then we see the real Lincorn, the true friend.

"For friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity."

Yet while his seemed a life of adversities, he seemed always ready to bear his own sorrows and those of a nation. But are all of those noble ones of the number that did exist and are extinct now? I believe that every member of the "M. G. R." can think of some personal friend, who in their mind, seems to represent the things that are really noble.

Have we not the definition: "'Tis only noble to be good," and this would apply to both men and women, so it seems to me that what would stand for nobleness in one, must in both.

Do not our lives sometimes seem to be falling so far short of what we desire them to be; of what we believe God intended them to be? Perhaps circumstances which we cannot control, no matter how much we wish to do so, resulting from some mistaken actions or words, have forced us to injure some friend. Then if that one can forget self, and in the hour when we are most discouraged, can forgive and endeavor to cheer, does not that one belong with those we class noble? If we have such friends, is that not an ideal for us to strive to attain?

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Perhaps the world does not know all of our struggles. If some of the acts that have caused ourselves and others sorrow were explained, might we not sometimes stand in a better light before those whose esteem we value highly? Therefore if others have dealt charitably, can we not take one step toward being noble by thinking that in the lives of these others are temptations resisted and we, too, must "at the balance be mute."

It seems to me the noblest men or women are those who care more for right than might; who reverence things that are holy, and strive to make their own lives and the lives of their associates as near as possible what God intended.—Hollybee.

Dear M. G. Rs.—what a wholesome, happy band of young people you are! I say young, for in the realm of thought, action and earnest purpose, there is no old age, though the birthdays passed in this world may have reached a high number. At this time when there are so many youthful people who seem to place no value on things that are really valuable and waste so much golden time and precious energy on the nothings of life, that one's heart is saddened by the sight, it is a beautiful inspiration to take up The Blade and read the letters written by the upright in life, for "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and the M. G. R. letters have the true ring.

I am looking forward with pleasure to the discussion on Nobility in Man and Woman, though there may be some who, like myself, can admire these qualities when seen, better than they can express what they are.

A sure mark of nobility in both man and woman is, that they do always what conscience tells them is right, regardless of place, time or people and the fact that they may be wholly misunderstood. It is noble in man to be a total abstainer from the tobacco and liquor habits, and to be such a master of his own will that he will be a slave to no habit which he cannot break if he wishes. It is noble for him to be courteous to all, considerate of the aged, and gentle toward little children. It is noble in him to use his powers, possessions and talents in helping the needy, whatevtr their need is, and however he can help them, and to aid in all world-betterment movements.

'Tis noble in woman to endeavor to make her home or place of abode happy in whatever relation she may stand to it. It is noble for her to leave a happy home, if sure she can do more good elsewhere. It is noble for her to look upon every other woman as her sister, equal with her, though placed in different circumstances. It is noble to bear with sweetness the little irritations of life. It is noble for her to face life with its difficulties, and live it alone, rather than be yoked to a companion, unless both are made better by the union. It is noble in her to suppress all unkind criticism of others when heard, to be merciful in judgment of others' faults, and to make the most of what good she sees in them.

In every man and woman there may be many noble traits, but they cannot be brought out and made to shine in full beauty till touched by the divine hand of Christ, the developer of all good.

I am a farmer's daughter, and though I enjoy a few days in the city, my truest happiness is in the home beneath the waving tree tops, where the Floyd hills of Indiana throw their shadows, the birds sing and the splendor of skies are undimmed by smoke or artificial lights. Books are dear friends, and music and flowers make hours of sunshine on my dial of life.—Alphine Elf.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.
There is love that stirs the heart, and love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and the best.
—Henry Van Dyke.

One of our friends sends the following which he thinks will be a help in remembering the number of days in each month:

Of the twelve months seven each has thirty-one days' time,
February's twenty-eight, 'cept leap year, twenty-nine;
While April, June, September and November,
Each has thirty days—quite easy to remember.

"Hello," yourself, Clarence Ray. Send "Casey" if you care to. We'll find a place for him one of these days.

Western Maryland Lad:—We are glad to have you join us, but I could not read your name.

Sunshine:—Your post cards are much appreciated.

Recently arrived "In our midst," are letters from: The Country Bard, Blue-Eyed Beatrice, A Tennessee Lad, A Hoosier Girl, Isabel, Dirigo, Seven-Year-Old School Ma'am, Sister Alice, Aunt Carrie, 68, A Lady in a Book, Belinda Blue Grass, L. H. Palmer, Wyandotte and Dark-Eyed Pennsylvania Girl.

Next week we shall begin our reunion, and until that is finished, other letters will be held in reserve.—Miss Prudence.

ST. VALENTINE'S FACTORY

There was a strange unrest among the dolls in Sue's nursery on St. Valentine's day when the Rag Doll and the Sailor Boy left for the valentine factory. Before dawn and without a sound, for Sue was asleep, the Sailor Doll went up the cord of the window shade hand over hand and carried the Rag Doll with him.

"Please," I would like a great big heart," the Rag Doll cried when she reached the valentine factory.

"Dear St. Valentine, don't look so surprised," she pleaded, her sensitive lip in a tremble. "If you lived in our nursery with those French dolls you'd know how my feelings hurt. Sue always plays with them. There's never a word for me—her first playmate. And I know she'd like to play with me best if I could only show her how much I love her."

"But she can't, because she doesn't love her with a real heart," the Sailor Boy explained. "If she could love Sue with a real heart the little girl would understand and not slight her old playmate."

"If I might only have a heart! If I might only have a heart!" the Rag Doll murmured between her sobs.

"Pray be calm, my dear doll lady," St. Valentine said, kindly. "No one shall wish in vain for a heart on St. Valentine's day. Hearts are mine to bestow where I will on my birthday," and the saint began to make selections from the beautiful red hearts that hung about in rows on golden threads.

"Lucky that you arrived before the Archers," St. Valentine whispered, as he measured the doll's breast. "Make haste with your choice before the Archers get here."

"I'd like the biggest, lovingest heart ever," the Rag Doll was explaining, when a company of Archers marched in for trial practice with their bows and arrows.

Although the dolls had had many an encounter with the tin soldiers back in the nursery they had never met Archers before. The Rag Doll was sorely troubled when the Archers, drawn up in single file, prepared to use the rows of hearts for targets. Even the bold Sailor Boy was frightened when a shooting arrow pierced the heart he was trying on.

"My turn may come today," the Second Archer said, hopefully, and sharpened up the points of a little gold arrow.

The First Archer shot his arrows so accurately that the first one that left the bow went through every heart to the last in the row; the second arrow lodged in the next to the last heart, and so on until each heart in the row had a quivering arrow in its side.

"I told you to hurry," St. Valentine said, sadly. "I shall never be able to offer a heart without an arrow."

"That's the way every year," the Second Archer pouted, angry because the First Archer had not left a target whole. "My turn never comes. Where's the need of a company of archers when one does all the shooting? I've been second in line since this factory began, but my turn never comes."

The other archers tightened up their bow strings and counted over the arrows in each tiny quiver. They had many hearts to get ready for St. Valentine's day and they should be on their way.

The Second Archer sympathized with the poor Rag Doll. He removed the arrow from the prettiest heart of all and tucked it under her shawl. A little sorrow crept in at the rent the arrow left, but that was soon forgotten, for when she got back to the nursery She was waiting at the window and the Rag Doll wept for joy at her greeting.

"You dear old Rag Doll, you always were my favorite. You know how nice it is to get a beautiful valentine, don't you?" Sue said, clasping the Rag Doll close and blinking in the morning light.

Then Sue showed them all her pretty valentines with the laughing cupids and their bows and arrows. The French dolls admired the gold lace that trimmed it, and the Sailor Boy was most interested in the verse. But the Rag Doll was the only one of Sue's playmates that really understood the pleasure of getting a valentine.

Sue should warn the Rag Doll to guard her precious heart, because the little Archer is searching for a target.—February Circle Magazine.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE AMERICAN STAR

Come strike the bold anthem, the wardogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey;
The red cloud of war o'er our forests is scowling;
Mild peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away.

The infants, affrighted, cling close to their mothers;
The youth grasp their swords—for the combat prepare;
While beauty weeps, fathers and mothers and brothers
All rush to display the American Star.

Come blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize—let the cannon deep roar;
No heart with pale fear or faint doubting be shaken;
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore.

Shall mothers, wives, daughters and sisters left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians be dragg'd to despair?
Oh, no—from the hills the proud eagle comes sweeping
And waves to the brave the American Star.

Ye spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery!
Look down from the clouds with an aspect serene;
Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,
Rejoicing with us as they once have been.

To us the high boon by God has been granted
To spread the glad tidings of Liberty far;
Let millions invade us; we'll meet them undaunted
And conquer or die by the American Star.

Your hands then, dear comrades, 'round liberty's altar,
Unitedly swear by the souls of the brave;
Not one from this strong resolution shall falter,
To live independent or sink in the grave.

Then, freemen, fill up, lo! the blood banner's flying,
The high bird of liberty streams through the air;
Beneath it oppression and tyranny's dying,
Success to the beaming American Star.

A LITTLE BOY IN BLUE

A mother sits in sadness, thinking of her only son,
As she looks up at two pictures on the wall;
They're all that's left to cheer her, and she says: "Thy will be done,"
As she mourns for him who's gone beyond recall.
One shows him as a little boy, in soldier clothes at play,
With his army lying scattered on the floor;
The other in his uniform the day he marched away,
And he said good-bye, alas! forevermore.

CHORUS.

Is it strange when the bands starts playing that her eyes fill up with tears,
As the soldiers pass the window and the street rings out with cheers;
For it's then that her heart is saddest, and it semes it can't be true
As she looks up at the pictures of a little boy in blue.

The war that took him from her has been over many years,
And the troops that pass are only on parade;
But as she watches them go past she's thinking, thro' her tears,
Of her own boy marching while the music played.
The pictures hanging on the wall, they seem to blend in one,
And she seems to hear a voice, "I miss you, too."
That's why she's heavy-hearted, for, when all is said and done,
He was only just her little boy in blue.

SUNNY TENNESSEE

On a morning bright and clear,
To my old home I drew near,
A village down in sunny Tennessee,
I was speeding on a train,
That would bring me back again,
To my sweetheart who was waiting there for me;
We could hear those darkies singing,
As she said farewell to me,
Far across the fields of cotton,
My old homestead I could see,
When the moon rose in its glory,
Then I told life's sweetest story,
To the girl I love in sunny Tennessee.

CHORUS.

It has been but a few short years,
Since I kissed away her tears,
Then the day I left her by her dear old mother's side,
And each day we've been apart,
She grows dearer to my heart,
Than the night I asked of her to be my bride.
As the train drew up at last,
Old familiar scenes I'd passed,
As I kissed my mother at the station door;
And as old friends gathered round,
Tears on every face I found,
And I missed the one that I'd been longing for;
I whispered, "Mother dear, where is Mary, she's not here?"
All the world seemed lost in sadness come to me,
For she pointed to a spot,
In the churchyard's little lot,
Where my sweetheart sleeps in sunny Tennessee.

THE FOREST

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim, old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below.

Not for the milk white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Sporting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim, old forest
He lieth in peace, asleep.

Light as the down on the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago.

But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And on one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his small arms enfolded
My neck in a silent embrace,
While the sleep of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
The one of the dim, old forest,
Seemeth the best of all.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

Kathleen Mavourneen! the dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen what! slumb'ring still.
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent? Kathleen Mavourneen.

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my sight.
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent? Kathleen Mavourneen.

THE DYING SOLDIER

The sun was sinking in the west and fell with lingering ray
Through the branches of a forest, where a wounded soldier lay,
'Neath the shades of the palmetto, 'neath the southern sultry sky,
Far, far from his New England home they laid him down to die.

A group was gathered 'round him, his comrades of the fight;
A tear coursed down each manly cheek as they bade him a last good night;
One dear friend and companion was kneeling by his side
And strove to staunch his lifeblood, but it was in vain he tried.

He thought upon the future, but his thoughts were all in vain,
While from his loved companions the tears flowed down like rain.
"Comrades," spoke the dying soldier, "comrades, weep no more for me,
I am crossing the dark river, beyond where all is free.

"Come, gather 'round me, comrades; I have something I would say;
I've a story I would tell you 'ere my life blood ebbs away.
Far away, in loved New England, in that dear old Pine Tree State,
There is one who for my coming with a saddened heart will wait.

"A fair young girl, my sister, my joy and only pride,
My love and care from boyhood, for I've none on earth beside;
My mother, she is sleeping beneath the churchyard sod,
And 'tis many, many years since her spirit went to God.

"My father, too, is sleeping beneath the dark blue sea,
And I have no relatives—only Nell and me.
But, comrades, I am dying; I shall never see her more;
She will vainly wait my coming at our little cottage door.

"Come, gather closer, comrades; listen to my dying prayer,
Who will be a brother to her—a brother, shield her with a brother's care?"
The soldiers spoke together; like one voice it seemed to fall:
"We will be to her as brothers and protect her one and all."

A shade of reddish brightness o'er his marble visage spread;
He gave one convulsive shudder and the soldier boy was dead.
By the banks of the Potomac they have laid him down to rest,
With his knapsack for a pillow and his rifle on his breast.

WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW

Sometime at eve, when tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to a friendly hail
Of kindred craft in a busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the water's flow
Some time at eve, when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
Through purple shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea.
I shall fare me away with a dip of sail
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyage, sailing away
To mystic isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before,
O'er the unknown sea to the unknown shore.
A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friedly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear;
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the unknown sea to the unknown shore.

POEMS REQUESTED

The songs, Actions Speak Louder Than Words, and Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie, are asked for.

A song called Sam Green's Bird Show is wanted.

Two poems requested are: Remember You Have Children of Your Own, and Little Nell of Naragansett Bay.

The following are titles of poems wanted Jack Hagerty and The Flat River Girl.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Louisville, Ky.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a world of good and I cannot praise it enough. I suffered from irregularities, dizziness, nervousness, and a severe female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored me to perfect health and kept me from the operating table. I will never be without this medicine in the house."—Mrs. SAM'L LEE, 3523 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

Another Operation Avoided.

Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—LENA V. HENRY, R. F. D. 3.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

Your Last Chance to Get Good Land Cheap

lles in Idaho. Good land at such prices will soon be gone forever. Fine farm tracts can be had now at low prices, on easy terms. By the time your last payment is made the land will have doubled in value, at least.

New towns—needing trades—are growing up fast in the wonderful Snake River country. Men who went there poor a few years ago are now well to do.

Own An Idaho Farm

Idaho's variety of resources is unsurpassed anywhere in the world—money is made easily and quickly in farming, in fruit, stock and dairying. Alfalfa alone is making hundreds rich.

Save money, that might otherwise be spent in tickets and hotel bills, by going direct to Idaho and buying a farm **now.** Write **today** for our free booklet.

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.
Union Pacific Railroad Co.
Omaha, Neb.

EED CORN 153 BU. ACRE

mond Joe's Big White—A strictly new variety. None like it. It is the Earliest and Big White Corn in the World—Because it was bred for most Big Bushels, not fancy show s; because grown from thoroughbred inherited stock; every stalk bears one or more good because scientifically handled, thoroughly dried and properly cured and had the most rigid dation. Big Seed Catalog FREE. It tells about all best farms, grass, garden and flower grown. Write for it today.

Address, RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.

ONIDAS IDENTIFIED

ng of Spain" Is Brother of N. F. Kendall.

saic, N. J., Feb. 6.—Word was re- by the local authorities here last from N. E. Kendall, of Grafton, Virginia, to the effect that the pa- now in the Passaic general hospital himself "Leonidas, King of Spar- is in all probability the writer's r-in-law, who has been missing the West Virginia state asylum last September.

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et Me Cure Your Catarrh

Package of My Combined Treat- t Mailed Free. No More K'haw- g and Spitting or Foul, Sick- ening Breath. Send Your Name Today.

arrh is not only dangerous, but it s bad breath, ulceration, death and of bones, loss of thinking and rea- power, kills ambition and energy, causes loss of appetite, indigestion, psia, raw throat and consumption. ds attention at once. Cure it with Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, rad- permanent cure, because it rids the m of the poisonous germs that cause rh.

C. E. GAUSS

order to prove to all who are suffer- from this dangerous and loathsome se that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will ac- cure any case of catarrh quickly, atter how long standing or how bad, send a trial package by mail free cost. Send us your name and ad- today and the treatment will be you by return mail. Try it! It positively cure so that you will be med instead of shunned by your ds. C. E. GAUSS, Marshall, Mich. out coupon below.

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C. E. GAUSS, 4632 Main Street, Marshall Mich.

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PASSES ANTI-JAP BILL

Measure Denying Aliens the Right of Holding Land Is Made a Law by Assembly.

JAPANESE TELLS WHAT HIS RACE WILL DEMAND.

Denver, Colo., Feb. 6.—Equality with other foreign nationalities in the United States, or a very good and sufficient reason why not, is the demand of the Japanese in America, according to Takeo Sagora, secretary of the Japanese association of Colorado.

"We consider ourselves superior as a race to the Chinese, Koreans and other Asiatics, and we do not want to be classed with them, and will demand our rights, granted the Japanese by treaty and under the constitution of the United States, to be treated on equal terms with the French, German or American, or people of any other nation," said the secretary.

Carson, Nev., Feb. 6.—The Nevada assembly yesterday afternoon passed the Giffen anti-alien land bill which provides that no Asiatics, including the Japanese, shall own land or land mortgages in the state.

The senate tabled the Dodge resolution, asking for a war fleet in the Pacific, and referring to the Japanese as "a menace to America's peace." The resolution passed the assembly unanimously, but when it was placed on third reading it was tabled.

Roosevelt Confident.

Washington, Feb. 6.—While President Roosevelt is greatly displeased with the action of the California assembly in passing the Japanese school segregation bill, he is apparently satisfied that Governor Gillett and Speaker Stanton take his view of the situation and that they will impress upon the assembly the importance of reconsidering its action when the matter comes up again next Wednesday.

There is reason to believe that the Japanese question occupied much of the time of the regular cabinet meeting yesterday, though it probably did not get beyond the discussion stage. Doubtless further telegrams have passed between the President and Governor Gillett.

At the Japanese embassy, no expression of any kind on the school situation on the Pacific coast could be secured. In official quarters confidence is expressed that the cordial relations existing between the United States and Japan will continue.

It was emphatically denied last night by navy department officials that it was contemplated that a part of the battleship fleet might be returned to the Pacific soon after its arrival at Hampton Roads on February 22.

Japan Indifferent.

Tokio, Feb. 6.—The passage by the lower house of the Nevada legislature of anti-Japanese resolutions was received here with remarkable indifference. The publication of the resolution aroused active resentment only in the columns of the second rate press. The leading newspapers pointed out the fact that Nevada was a small state, and did not necessarily represent the sentiment of the American people.

Foreign Minister Komura, in addressing the house of Lords, repeated verbatim the speech he made in the Diet a few days ago. His remarks caused no discussion. The absence of extended comment on the situation in the Japanese newspapers is believed to be due to the reported action of the California legislature in defeating the Drew anti-alien land bill, and also to the resolutions of the New York Board of Trade and President Roosevelt's letters and telegrams to Governor Gillett, all of which have been fully reported to the local press.

The leading newspapers today comment favorably on the present aspect of the situation.

JAPS CRISIS NEAR

Roosevelt and Gillett Try to Block Bill Segregating Mongolians in the Schools.

JAP STUDENT SAYS WE'RE TOO SENSITIVE.

San Francisco, Feb. 5.—K. Kaneko, the Japanese student who was the victim of an assault alleged to have been made by University of California students, has written the following letter to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the university:

"Hearing of your being in some zealful investigation on the assaulters, I wish to write to you that my profound thanks are due to you, but I hope you will quickly give up such useless attempts, because I am sure that your students are not in charge of. Wishing to add that I want not to exaggerate such small trouble nor to lead it into some international question, and especially desiring that the Californians are not so sensitive about Japanese problem.

"Yours very truly,
(Signed) "K. KANEKO."

Sacramento, Cal., Feb. 5.—The passage by the state assembly of a bill seggregating Japanese school children, an appeal from President Roosevelt to Governor Gillett that some measure be taken to block the legislation, and the preparation of a message by the state executive asking the assembly to reconsider its vote, are the most recent developments in the Japanese situation.

A Strong Appeal.

The governor's message to the assembly will be a strong appeal to the members to stand by the administration, and will deal with the question of treaties with Japan and other nations.

Immediately following receipt of the President's telegram, Governor Gillett dispatched an answer, asking for an immediate reply.

The bill passed yesterday was one of three anti-Japanese measures introduced by Assemblyman Grove L. Johnson, and places the Japanese in the same classification with other Asiatics and inserts the word "Japanese" in the present state statute providing for the segregation in separate schools of Mongolian children.

Attempted Two Years Ago.

By this action the lower house of the California legislature has taken the step which the board of education of San Francisco intended to take two years ago, which was abandoned after the board and former Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz were called to Washington and had several conferences with President Roosevelt. Immediately upon learning of the assembly's action, Governor Gillett called into conference the Republican leaders of both houses of the legislature. The latter expressed the hope of still being able to defeat the measure.

Move to Reconsider.

Walter Leeds, of Los Angeles, gave notice that he would move to reconsider the vote of 48 to 26, by which the bill was passed. It will require 41 votes to carry Leeds' motion. It is predicted that one of the fiercest battles ever waged in the California legislature will result in the effort to kill the bill.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 820 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this and does not wish you to send him money.

OPTION LIKELY TO STAND

Division Among Indiana Democrats Is Fatal to Repeal Measures.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 5.—Apparent disorganization at a time when the Democrats had expected to make the fight for the repeal of the county local option law will, it is believed, prevent the repeal bills from coming before the house of representatives. The Kleckner bill, substituting the Democratic platform plan of township and ward option and which had been agreed upon in caucus, has been expected to come before the house on second reading for two days, but the activity of friends of the Tomlinson bill, substituting town and city option, is delaying the test of strength.

Fifty-one votes are necessary to pass the Kleckner repeal bill and the Democrats had depended upon forty-nine of their party to vote for it, ten Democrats opposing the repeal of the present law. When it was found, however, that Representative Durham had joined the ranks of the anti-repealers, it was apparent that three Republican votes would be necessary to pass the caucus bill.

The Democrats, uncertain of the necessary Republican votes, and fearing the bill substituting the Democratic plan would be killed by the Republican senate, then looked to the Tomlinson bill. The town and city unit of this bill, they believe, will not be so offensive to Republicans. At a conference of house and senate Democratic leaders last evening, the Tomlinson bill was favorably considered. This bill is intended to confine saloons to incorporated towns and cities, carrying a license fee of $300 for the former and $500 for the latter.

ANTI-JAP BILL DEFEAT

California Assembly Rejects the Drew Measure Barring Aliens From Ownership of Land.

Sacramento, Feb. 4.—Grove L. Johnson's bill prohibiting aliens from being members of corporations, one of the anti-Japanese bills to which President Roosevelt objects, was refused passage in the assembly today by a vote of 54 to 15.

Sacramento, Feb. 4.—After a debate lasting seven hours the assembly last evening, by a vote of 48 to 28, rejected the bill drawn by A. M. Drew barring aliens from ownership of land in California.

The bill had been amended at the request of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root so that the clause applying to Japanese only was eliminated, making the bill apply to all aliens, but the measure aroused such a storm of opposition that long before the debate was closed by Mr. Drew it was apparent that the measure would be defeated.

In substance the objection to it was that it would drive at least a billion dollars of foreign capital out of the state and might jeopardize the present friendly commercial relations with Japan.

SAYS SPAN OF LIFE MAY BE INCREASED A THIRD

New York, Feb. 6.—The span of human life may be increased one-third by the application of reforms now known to modern hygiene.

The statement was made yesterday by Dr. Irving Fisher, professor of political economy at Yale and president of the committee of one hundred on national health.

Dr. Fisher proposed the expenditure of money by life insurance companies in a campaign of education to improve hygienic conditions throughout the United States. He gave as his justification for this suggestion the fact that practical application of all the reforms now known to modern hygiene would increase the average length of life in America more than 15 per cent—or over one-third.

This decreased mortality, he said, would so lessen the cost of insurance that the returns to policy holders would be many times more than the original expenditure.

"Tuberculosis is known to be preventable. In my table, it is entered as 75 per cent preventable; pneumonia is 45 per cent preventable; typhoid as 85 per cent; diphtheria 70 per cent," said the doctor.

"According to the plans which I have in mind, the money which the life insurance companies would invest in life saving would not be in hospitals or sanatoria, but in the education of the public, and especially their policyholders, in health matters and the joining in every legitimate way to improve the public health offices and services in the municipalities, states, and the federal government."

RACE WAR IN PITTSBURG MAY RESULT FROM CRIMES

Pittsburg, Feb. 5.—Shortly after noon a report reached the police of another assault on a young girl in the Herron Hill district. Officers are hurrying to the scene in automobiles.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 5.—The situation in the Herron Hill district, where over 130 negroes have been arrested, following the many attacks on young white girls in that section of the city, is quiet, but a double force of police and plain clothes men is still on duty, as there is a strong undercurrent of racial feeling that needs but a slight excuse to make it break forth in a violent form.

Man Identified.

The authorities believ that in Mack McGee, a negro arrested in the raid Tuesday night, they have the man who has been terrorizing the Herron Hill district. McGee was identified as the negro seen running away from the scene of the most recent assault, and Miss Ida O'Neil, the victim of the attack, gave a description of the cap worn by her assailant that fits the headgear worn by McGee. However, the police are continuing the search for unemployed negroes, and occasional arrests are still being made.

Judge John D. Shafer sentenced William Martin, colored, to serve five years in the western penitentiary, the limit of the law, on a charge of assault and battery with intent to commit a more serious crime on Mrs. Mary Shafer several weeks ago.

Negroes Are Moving.

The authorities sent out decoys in the troubled section in an effort to catch negroes who have been molesting white women. Young men, dressed as women and armed with blackjacks, walk through the district, hoping to have the guilty negroes accost or attack them.

Serious trouble growing out of the police crusade against negroes was narrowly averted last night when John Moulton, a negro, 30, was arrested in the east end district of the city on a charge that he had annoyed a white girl and had accosted her with "Good evening, sweetheart, ain't going to kiss me." Two officers took charge of the prisoner and while a number of officers kept the crowd in check, he was rushed to the police station. After the negro had been locked in a cell, the crowd kept up a demonstration in the street.

Is Sentenced.

Moulton was given a hearing today before a police magistrate, who sentenced him to six months in the workhouse without a fine. Before imposing sentence the magistrate said:

"There is no evidence that you attempted to assault the girl or I would hold you for court. Under the circumstances, however, I will impose the maximum sentence to show others, black or white, that women must be protected."

LIGHTNING CLASHES WITH WIRELESS; MESSAGE BURNS

San Francisco, Feb. 8.—A lightning flash, intercepted by the electric waves of a message being thrown from a wireless mast to a steamer at sea, and deflected down the wires to the operating room of the wireless station, badly burned William J. Smith, the operator, who was seated before his instruments. The peculiar accident occurred yesterday during the short electrical storm which swept over the city. Smith was rendered senseless for 10 minutes and on recovering found that fantastic designs had been burned on his flesh by the current.

Smith was communicating with the steamer Lurline which left port last Friday towing the bark Mohican to Honolulu. The storm broke with sudden intensity, three blinding flashes of lightning following one another quickly, a tremendous peal of thunder accompanying the lightning.

Suddenly a blaze of light broke from the instruments in front of Smith and he was hurled from his chair half way across the room by the shock of the high tension current which had been caught by the message waves. Only his position and the fact that the current was spread both ways along the message waves, it is claimed, saved him from instant death.

OFFERS ROOSEVELT CIRCUS JOB AT $10,000 PER WEEK

Bridgeport, Feb. 8.—The lump sum of $300,000 is offered by James M. Atlas, proprietor of the Hotel Atlas, of this city, who says he is backed by a circus syndicate, to President Roosevelt if he will head an organization to go out under a "big top" for thirty consecutive weeks to be known as "The Theodore Roosevelt Congress of Rough Riders."

Mr. Atlas says he has known the President a long time and used to wrestle with him in Albany when he was governor. Here is the letter he sent Mr. Roosevelt:

"Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States:

"Dear Sir—Will you accept an engagement of thirty weeks at a salary of $10,000 per week—$300,000 in all—commencing the 1st day of May, 1909, to head a wild west exhibition, entitled 'Theodore Roosevelt's Congress of Rough Riders?'

"An early reply will be appreciated by, yours truly, "JAMES M. ATLAS."

"I'm ready to advance the whole $300,000 or any part of it as an evidence of good faith," Mr. Atlas said. "All we need for the greatest money-making scheme the country has ever seen is Mr. Roosevelt's consent. He can postpone his African hunting trip until autumn."

Mr. Atlas' plan of program is similar to that of the Buffalo Bill show, with the difference that only scenes from the President's life as a cowboy, as an expert marksman shooting glass balls, as a soldier leading the charge at San Juan hill and last a reproduction of the inauguration at Washington, will be shown.

DEMAND 7-HOUR DAY

Organized Labor Hopes to Settle Problem of the Unemployed in That Way.

Cleveland, Feb. 5.—Organized labor, leaders declare, will soon begin a concerted movement for a seven-hour day.

Harry D. Thomas, secretary of the Cleveland United Trades and Labor Council and of the Ohio Federation of Labor, announced yesterday that the agitation for an eight-hour day was but a commencement of the larger movement.

The ultimate end is to reduce the hours of labor until all men are employed. Only in this event, Thomas said, can workingmen share with their employers in the benefits of time and labor-saving machinery.

Employers Meet.

His announcement was coincident with the meeting of the Cleveland Employers' association in the New England building, yesterday afternoon. The association was called to consider the fight for the day made by labor to get eight-hour legislation for women. The call for the meeting declared the question was "vital" to all employers.

"The fight is not to be waged entirely in the legislature. Courts have declared the eight-hour day for men unconstitutional and we have little hope there," says Thomas. The battle must be fought out with the employers themselves by strikes if necessary.

"The Cleveland move is economically sound," declares J. P. Egan, of the Toledo Central Labor Union. "Today inventive genius is creating labor-displacing machinery—we have passed the age of building labor-saving machinery. The machine is annihilating skill, increasing poductiveness and sweeping armies of men into the ranks of the unemployed, followed by crises of increasing severity. And this inventive genius I have referred to, is just awakening to the possibilities of electricity and steam."

"Some employers seem blind to this fact. Even our statesmen drft along, for only last year President Roosevelt called on congress to set a good example by establishing the eight-hour day, and the successful ones have only triumphed after bitter opposition of men like the Cleveland Employers' association, who imagine they can turn back the hands of time.

"The Cleveland demand for a seven-hour day, of course, will in time prevail, as this nation develops a social consciousness, in place of our present 'dog-eat-dog' manner of living. It also has the merit of possessing 'propaganda' qualities for the eight-hour day, and, incidentally, calling attention to the wretchedness of this nation's workless legions."

End of Silver Bar Trading.

The last of the silver bullion certificates, actively traded in on the stock exchange in the nineties has been redeemed by the issuers, Zimmerman & Forshay, and the certificates were stricken from the stock exchange list Wednesday. Each of the bullion certificates, of which there were between 30,000 and 40,000 afloat at the time of the first Bryan campaign, called for 1,000 ounces of silver, and was in effect a warehouse receipt backed by the deposit of a coresponding amount of silver.

In 1900 silver sold at around 60 cents per ounce, and Zimmerman & Forshay bought back their paper yesterday at 52.7, thereby adding nearly $80 more to the loss of the holder of the certificate.

Invest $10; Earn $180

That's what's open to investors in Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation stock after the first dredge.

The Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation owns outright eleven mines with 384 claims, valued at $92,000,000 in the richest mining section of the world. You can become a partner in this wonderful money making corporation by investing in ten shares ($1.00 a share, full paid and non-assessable.) After the first dredging year you will begin to draw dividends every 3 months and are bound to make $180 on your "ten dollar bill." We've a booklet, "A Different Kind of a Gold Mining Proposition," that proves it. Free copies mailed on request. It also tells about the free stock now being given away as bonuses. Don't delay. Write at once for full particulars.

PERUVIAN Gold Mining Corporation
624 Gardner Bldg.,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

LUSITANIA SEA'S TOY

Big Ocean Liner Damaged by Buffeting.

Queenstown, Feb. 8.—The Cunard line steamer Lusitania, from Liverpool for New York, which came in here last night, twelve hours late, was severely buffeted by the storm. During the night she lost one of her anchors and many fathoms of chain. She entered the harbor at half-past seven and embarked the passengers and mails. She had used up much coal during the storm and was consequently obliged to take on 600 tons here. This delayed her departure.

Had Rough Trip.

Charleston, S. C., Feb. 8.—The torpedo boat destroyer Worden arrived late yesterday from Norfolk, after what Lieutenant Richardson, commanding, declared was the roughest trip he had ever taken.

The Worden left Hampton Roads Friday morning with the torpedo boats Porter, Shubrick and Stockton for Charleston, but the first day out a terrific gale was encountered and the Porter was forced to put back.

The Stockton made Beaufort, N. C., and the Shubrick put in at Morehead City, but the Worden succeeded in reaching here in safety.

ENGINEER SAVES 100

Pilots His Train Over Sagging Bridge.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 8.—One hundred lives hung in the balance for the fraction of a second last night while Engineer W. Baldwin, of the Santa Fe & San Bernardino hesitated as to whether he should follow his fireman's example and jump, or stick by his engine and pilot it over the fast settling bridge at Avenue Thirty-five and the Arroyo Seco.

The Arroyo was a raging torrent from the heavy storm, and the water cut under the concrete piling of the bridge and it began to sag. Then came the train of five cars slipping down grade from Pasadena. Several hundred persons were watching the stream and attempted to warn the train.

Engineer Baldwin saw the danger, but as he was unable to stop the train before it was on the bridge, he opened the throttle and let the engine run across. Had he hit the bridge at high speed, cars and passengers would have gone into the roaring water.

SICK NURSERY STOCK

Bill Seeks to Prevent Its Importation.

Washington, Feb. 6.—Having for its object the prevention of the importation of diseased nursery stock, a bill has been introduced by Representative John Lamb, of Virginia. It provides that all nursery stock shall be subject to inspection by experts of the department of agriculture at such points of entry as the secretary of agriculture may designate.

The measure makes it unlawful to offer for entry at any port nursery stock not accompanied by a certificate of inspection by an official expert of the country from which the importation is made.

PLAN TO TAKE POWER FROM "UNCLE JOE" CANNON

Washington, Feb. 6.—If the "insurgents" of the house succeed in amending the rules of that body, Speaker Cannon will be relieved of many of his responsibilities, one of the greatest of them being the selection of chairmen of the various committees.

The advocates of the amendment of the rules would have this power taken from the speaker and transferred to the various committees themselves, by empowering each of the committees to elect its own chairman.

It is generally believed, however, that the speaker's power in this respect will not be abridged in the next congress, and the members are looking to "Uncle Joe" Cannon to take care of them, as for several years in the past. There is more concern over the personnel of the 62 committees, with a membership varying from two on the committee on the disposition of useless executive papers to twenty on the committee on rivers and harbors, than over the possibility that these committees may be called upon to choose their own heads.

Another matter that is receiving attention from the members of the next congress is the time when the committees will be announced.

ART COUNCIL'S TASK

Congress May Ignore Its Suggestions for Lincoln Memorial.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Expectancy is lively as to what may happen when the President's recently appointed council of fine arts holds its first meeting here on February 9. Congress has shown its antipathy to executive interference with its prerogative of building and memorializing and decorating the landscape as it listeth. It has even, individually, promised to defy the council if it makes suggestions or tries to enforce decrees the congress does not like.

As President Roosevelt has asked the council to give early attention to the problem of the Lincoln memorial site it is probable that this matter will come up at the first meeting. Now this is a question in which congress is very much interested. It seems determined to settle upon a site for itself and the three principal plans for memorializing the emancipator are before it at the present time.

The council is individually in favor of the Rond Point site on the main axis of the proposed great Mall from the capitol to the Potomac river. Here it would rank in dignity and isolation with the Washington monument, as was intended in the park commission's comprehensive plan. This site is favored by President Roosevelt, President-elect Taft, the American Institute of Architects and most of the leading artists of the country. The late John Hay was also a vigorous advocate of it.

The choice of Speaker Cannon and his cohorts in the house is the plaza in front of the new Union station and the purchase of a site here for $3,500,000 and the erection between the station and the capitol of a million-dollar memorial is provided for in the McCall bill.

Proposed Lincoln Way.

Still another contingent wants to build a "Lincoln Way," in imitation of the Appian Way, from the capitol to the battlefield of Gettysburg, a distance of 50 or 60 miles, while in response to the objections raised to this plan a number of astute legislators have said:

"Oh, well! Just to please everyone, why not do both?"

As to what the council can and cannot do and what congress can and cannot do to the council there is a delightful uncertainty. The President's order, of course, applies only to departments. Therefore anything within the exclusive control of congress could be carried out in defiance of the council of fine arts. The McCall bill, for instance, provides for a commission on the Union station site for the Lincoln memorial drawn from congress itself, and this bill might be passed over a presidential veto, which it would undoubtedly receive. This, of course, unless the Newlands bill creating a bureau of council of fine arts is passed first, of which, however, there seems but a slim chance, despite public demand, with congress in its present temper.

On the other hand the senate has just passed a measure appropriating $50,000 for the survey of a Lincoln memorial road from the capitol to the field of Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, a distance of about fifty miles. This money is ordered to be spent under the direction of the secretary of war. Under the President's order this scheme must therefore be passed on by the council of fine arts, even though it belongs at the legislative end of Pennsylvania avenue.

Some Objections.

The opposition of the council to the Lincoln road idea is easy to foresee. In the first place it is a question whether the federal government has the right to condemn property within the states for other than military or similarly important purposes, as was pointed out by Senator Bailey during the debate. In the next even an ordinary graded mud road fifty miles long and 150 feet wide would cost twenty or thirty millions, and to line that road with adequate monumental structures or treat it in any way to make it different from any ordinary road and a real memorial to Lincoln would cost twice as much more. Finally the cost of maintenance alone would be out of all proportion to any possible use it could be put to. These, at least, are the opinions of the landscape architects and engineers.

As indicating the probable cost of the Lincoln Way the estimate for the recently proposed highway to Mount Vernon is quoted. This was to be quite an ordinary road some fifteen miles long. The appropriation asked for was $3,500,000.

The idea of a commemorative Lincoln road started in the fertile brain of former Congressman McCleary. Having secured an appropriation of $25,000 for investigation to find out what sort of a memorial to Lincoln would be both unique and appropriate, regardless of expense, he searched Europe for ideas from the Cafe de la Paix to Naples, and en route had the great good fortune to discover the Appian Way.

"Great!" cried the congressman. "It will be the very thing."

Nothing happened during the rest of the voyage to give him another inspiration, so on his return he talked Appian Way across the green meadows of Maryland.

"What," asked Mr. McCleary in the house (we are quoting the substance of his remarks), "what is more enduring that a road? Look at the Appian Way! Every building along it is in ruins—ruins, Mr. Speaker. But the road is there as good as ever it was, and a good road it is."

Naturally enough, it was not the idea of Mr. McCleary to line the Lincoln Way with ruins. In fact the lining of the Lincoln Way does not seem to have been considered in any great detail, though some few farm houses and a good many automobile repair shops and gasoline stations would naturally suggest themselves to the practical mind.

What Will Congress Do.

The really interesting matter for speculation is—what will congress do if the council of fine arts decides that the idea is impractical? And how will a way be found to spend the $50,000? Or supposing that the surveys are made and the $50,000 is gone and then it is decided that Senator Bailey was right—that the government cannot exercise the right of eminent domain for purposes not strictly essential to the country's business, what is there to say? And who, by the way, is there to suggest with any effect that a simple legal ruling secured before the survey is made, may prevent the utter waste of $50,000 of the people's money.

But then, this is a free country, and what is a mere fifty thousand, anyway? The public, however, is very much interested in this whole question. It has been a prolonged surprise to many congressmen that their constituents should be taking so troublesome an interest in matters of art. It has never happened before and it has been something of a shock. Quite a flood of protest has come in from all parts of the country against the station plaza site for the Lincoln memorial and the ignoring of the demand for art supervision of federal buildings. It is apparent that congress cannot much longer be heedless to the voice of the people on this increasingly important matter.

IN CLUTCHES OF CZAR

Moscow, Feb. 4.—The police of this city have arrested a man with an American passport bearing the name of Richard T. Stevens, of Washington, D. C., on the charge that he has associated with revolutionists.

Stevens had been under surveillance for several days prior to his arrest. A forged Russian passport bearing the name Vladimir Kishlineffsky was found in his pocket when he was taken into custody.

FREE TREATMENT FOR HEART DISEASE

We are giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE a regular full size package of our world among treatment for the Heart and Nerves, also our fine, illustrated book telling all about the causes of these diseases and how they can be permanently cured, with which you'll know your own case as well as any doctor—BOTH FREE—to all who are troubled with Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Headache, Short Breath, Asthma, Stomach Trouble (often caused by weak Heart), Constipation, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Numbness, Sinking Spells, Pain in Heart, Side, or Shoulder-Blade, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching, Nightmare or a general weak, run-down condition.

If you have any of these sure symptoms, something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's only your Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels that are troubling you. Lots of people make that mistake. They say "It don't amount to anything—it will go away of itself"—and some day, all of a sudden they drop dead of Heart Disease—just as you read about and hear of all around you every day.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Disease! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, or Female Organs when **it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble,** and that's getting worse every day though they don't even suspect it.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, but if you have the slightest symtom of Heart Trouble, **write us today for this full free treatment and book.** We will send both by mail inplain package, securely sealed, post paid and there will be

Directing Advisor Clearwater
Head of the Famous Heart Cure Co.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER

for it in any way. Remember, this isn't just a little "sample" or trial but a **generous, genuine, regular full-size treatment.** And it's yours gladly and freely, just for the asking—because we want to show you **without cost** what this grand treatment will do.

No matter how bad off you are—no matter if you think Heart Disease incurable—no matter if some common doctor has said that you can't be cured, be fair to yourself, give us a chance,—don't fail to test this grand treatment!

It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but **cured**—thousands of cases of Heart Disease—many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

It will set your stomach right, remove constipation, clear your blood, steady your nerves and build up your whole system, besides strengthening and curing the Heart.

Don't let this chance go by—accept our offer NOW! It's made in all sincerity and frendliness from our true desire to send this free help to every sufferer who needs it. **Our offer is absolutely, completely HONEST,** *as the publisher of this paper will gladly tell you.*

Read our questions carefully, write your name and address plainly in the Free Treatment Coupon, cut it out and mail to us TODAY. We will send you the **full free Treatment and illustrated book** *at once. Address*

HEART CURE CO.,
HEART SPECIALISTS
330 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Maine.

Read these questions carefully. If you can answer "Yes" to *any one* of them you need this Heart and Nerve Treatment that we are giving away FREE.

Do you tire easily?
Do you lack energy?
Do you have Headache?
Does your Heart flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart palpitate?
Do you start in your sleep?
Are you short of breath?
Do you feel "weak and run down"?
Do you have numb spells?
Do you have dizzy spells?
Do you have weak, sinking spells?
Are you nervous and irritable?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your Stomach have an "all gone" feeling?
Do you have pain in your Heart, side or shoulder-blade?

Free Treatment Coupon

Heart Cure Co., Heart Specialists,
330 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Maine.

Please send me entirely free of charge your regular full size Heart and Nerve Treatment and your free book.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

FLEET CAPTAIN GUILTY

Qualtrough Suspended for Six Months.

Gibraltar, Feb. 6.—Captain Edward F. Qualtrough, of the battleship Georgia, having been found guilty by court-martial of being intoxicated while on duty, and of conduct prejudicial to the good of the navy, has been suspended from duty for six months, with an additional punishment of the loss of ten numbers in rank.

Rear Admiral Sperry has approved the findings of the court-martial. Captain Qualtrough has been detached from the fleet and ordered home. He will go as a passenger on the Georgia.

SAVED BY WIRELESS

Mexican Revenue Cutter's Appeal Heard.

Mexico, Feb. 3.—Wireless telegraphy has saved the Mexican revenue cutter Josefius Limantour. The cutter became disabled fifty miles off the coast, near Culiacan, a few days ago, according to reports received here, and her calls for assistance by wireless were caught by the Alamos, which immediately steamed out and brought the disabled cutter safely to port.

17 MEN ARE KILLED

Another Coal Mine Horror Occurs in Alabama.

Birmingham, Ala., Feb. 3.—Seventeen men are dead as the result of an explosion in the Number Two Short Creek mines of the Birmingham Coal & Iron company yesterday. Five of the dead are white and twelve are negroes.

$100,000 TO PENN

Philadelphia, Feb. 3.—At a meeting of the board of trustees of the University of Pennsylvania yesterday, Mrs. Esther Gowen Hood gave the university $100,000 to establish graduate fellowships in the law department of the university. The gift is a memorial to her father, the late Franklin B. Gowen, formerly president of the Reading Railway Co.

CATARRH MEDICINE FREE

If your Ears ring or roar, or your hearing is affected, if Eyes ache, water or burn, or sight is failing, if you K hock, spit, cough or have bad breath, scabs in Nose, Irritation in Bronchial Tubes, Lungs or Stomach, your name and address will bring to you **absolutely free a 32 days course** of medicine prescribed to meet **your individual** requirements as per applications.

We have cured many who have tried various so-called Catarrh cures with little or no benefit, and we make you this liberal offer to introduce our splendid treatment in your section.

REMEMBER send only your symptoms, name and address, **NO MONEY**—and without cost you will receive a 32 days course of medicine prescribed especially for you.

GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE,
704 RIDGE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

I'll Save You $50

On a Manure Spreader If You'll Let Me

This is just a little ad—but a postal will bring my **Big Book**—and give you my $50.00 Saving Price and Special Proposition. You can save as much answering this little advertisement as if it covered a page.

My Spreader positively will do better work and last longer than any Spreader made—no matter what the price—so why pay $70 to $100 more? **20,000 farmers have stamped their O. K. on my spreader and money-saving price.** My Special Proposition will interest you. Just a postal addressed to Galloway of Waterloo, Iowa, will bring you everything postpaid.

Will You Pay a Penny For The Postal and Save $50.00?

Address **Wm. Galloway, Pres.**
WM. GALLOWAY CO.
1079 Galloway Sta. Waterloo, Ia.

VERMONT WINS.

Captures Flag for Highest Gunnery Score.

Gibraltar, Feb. 5.—The "battle efficiency" flag, created as a trophy for the ship making the highest gunnery score, was hoisted on board the Vermont this morning. Admiral Sperry read the department's order creating the trophy, and announced its award to the Vermont. The Vermont won the trophy from the Minnesota by a narrow margin.

Coaling operations are now completed and everything is in readiness for the departure of the fleet from Gibraltar tomorrow on its last run of the round-the-world voyage, which is due to bring the sixteen warships back to Hampton Roads February 22.

Mr. Edison says:

Write for the Edison Catalog.

"I want to see a Phonograph in every American Home."

The Phonograph is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby—the invention which he considers his greatest achievement.

If you but have an Edison Phonograph in your home you can have a free concert in your own home any time you wish—not a concert of one instrument or voice alone, but a concert of band and orchestra music, vocal solos, grand opera as well as comic opera—*anything you like.* The world's greatest artists are at your command if you own a latest model Edison Phonograph.

AMBEROL RECORDS NOW READY

FREE TRIAL

WHILE this offer lasts we will send to any reader of this paper a Genuine Edison latest standard phonograph with our Parlor Grand Equipment added for free trial in your own home—a trial lasting two days to a week. Try this great instrument in your home. *Then* if you do not want to keep this wonderful machine, you may send it back to us at our expense *and we charge you absolutely nothing for the free trial.* If you like the instrument with its marvelous variations of entertainment, including the latest popular songs, side-splitting minstrel dialogs, beautiful operatic airs sung by the greatest artists, its dreamy waltzes and stirring two-steps, its orations and elocutionary recitals, you may keep the instrument and send cash in full or smallest monthly payments at *surprising* rock bottom prices on fine Edison outfits.

$2 a Month now buys a good genuine Edison outfit, including one dozen genuine Edison gold moulded records, and at rock-bottom prices no matter whether you send cash in full or pay on our easiest terms.

For Cash in full: So many cash purchasers are getting the finest Edison outfits on free trial that we are obliged to announce again that we can allow no discount for cash. We have already given those who buy on easy payments the lowest possible price and we must treat all the Edison customers alike.

F. K. DABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributer,
Edison Block, Suite 4392 Chicago, Ill.

Thomas A. Edison

Sign Coupon, or send Postal or Letter

Edison Catalogs FREE

SIGN the Coupon and get the great Edison catalog, quoting the rock-bottom prices—surprising prices on the finest outfits. Remember you get an absolutely free trial and can send either cash in full or easy monthly payments.

CUT OR TEAR ALONG THIS LINE

FREE COUPON
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Edison Phonograph Distributer
EDISON BLOCK,
Suite 4392 Chicago

Without any obligations on my part please send me free, prepaid, your Edison catalog, Edison poster and catalog of Edison records.

Name .....

Address .....

Don't bother with a letter; the coupon will do

SOMETHING NEW, DIFFERENT, UNEXPECTED.

Readers listen sharp, don't miss! Investigate—best thing ever happened. Hundred years coming—here at last. Full grown. So startling you may not believe at first. Astonishing, yet absolutely true.

INGENIOUS OHIOAN INVENTS A NEW DEVICE THAT CLEANS FAMILY WASHING IN 30 TO 50 MINUTES, WHILE YOU REST. No rubbing, no chemicals, no motor.

SEE HOW SIMPLE, EASY, DIFFERENT. Thousands of users praise it. Circulars sent free, give full details.

NO SUCH DEVICE SOLD IN STORES—DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING YOU HAVE SEEN. Nothing else like it—great seller—enormous demand. Customers delighted. R. O. Cowan, N. Y., places 15 in 6 hours, (profit $30.00). Mrs. J. Brown, Pa., sold 10 in 3 days, (profit $20.00). You can do the same.

Miracles don't happen now, but listen—there's no more wash day troubles—now dead, wiped out, forgotten. There's new invented device for cleaning clothes—nothing like it. Good-bye to wash boards, washing machines, troubles, etc.—Their day is passed. "Easy Way" of cleaning clothes is here to bless our dear women. Invention that killed wash day is small—called "Easy Way," not human. If it had life it would have a stomach. It's claimed a stomach has millions of small tissues, each with a kind of suction. This apparatus has no stomach, yet there's things inside, things that move—a place for dirt—has awful appetite for dirt—goes after all the dirt in all clothes at same time. Small, but mighty—silent, but powerful.

Operated on stove—water inside, then soap, then clothes—move knob occasionally. Dirt lets go as hot water, suds, scalding steam and vapor begin movements. 8 to 10 minutes—clothes clean—rinse, dry, that's all! Next batch same operation—same water—30 to 50 minutes family washing clean. You just wait between batches—child can do it. Laundries clean clothes without rubbing,—the "Easy Way" does the same at your home. Does the combined work of wash boiler, wash board and washing machine. When through, set away on shelf—that's all—no more attention. No wood, all metal, sanitary, should last lifetime, light, easy handled. Woman's God-send. Cleans laces, white goods, bed clothes, woolens, colored clothes, etc., without injury—no rubbing, no chemicals. Saves drudgery, clothes, labor, fuel, health and looks. No experiment—going on daily—you can do it. Customers everywhere delighted and praise it. LAURETTA MITCHELL, O., writes:—"Done big washing with 'Easy Way' in 45 minutes. Sold 3 already." J. W. MEYERS, Ga., orders 12 more, says:—"'Easy Way' greatest invention for womanhood, forever abolishing miserable wash day." F. E. POST, Pa.—"Done 2 weeks' washing in 45 minutes. Clothes cleaned without rubbing." J. H. BARRETT, of Ark., after ordering 38, says:—"Grandest invention I ever heard of."

Price, only $6.00 complete—ready to use—sent anywhere—not sold in stores. Guaranteed satisfactory, or your money refunded. Send no money, simply your name and address. Circulars, testimonials, free.

HARRISON MFG. CO., 894 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS.

SALESMEN—MEN—WOMEN—all or spare time at home or traveling—showing—taking orders—appointing agents—"Easy Way" new. Wonderful seller—Agents reaping harvest of dollars. When operated, people stop, look. 12 sec. 10 buy. C. O. Garrett, of Ohio, showed 7 families, sold 4, (profit $12.00). A. B. Terrell, of La., sold 8 one day, (profit $24.00). Mrs. Gerrish ordered sample—then dozen—then 100, (profit over $300). Write for FREE Sample 100 offer, etc.

Costs Nothing To Investigate—Write Today—Do It Now.

BOYS and GIRLS

EARN ELEGANT WATCH AND CHAIN IN ONE DAY'S WORK

SEND NO MONEY—Simply send your name and address and we will send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 20 inches long, no 2 alike, (stores charge $1.00 each for them). With them we send 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE (in handsome tin boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts, Sores, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, etc.

MEN and WOMEN

EARN $3.00 DAILY

You sell the Cloverine at 25c per box and give one picture free. When sold return money and we send beautiful watch and chain, or you can keep cash commission. Be first in your town. Every one buys two to three boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Millions use it. Agents earn $3.00 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Address

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Tyrone, Pa. Dept. 126

$33.50 AND UP Only Galloway

"BATH IN OIL"

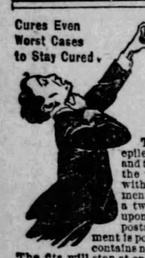
High Grade Separator—Direct

Save $25 to $50 direct at my factory price—freight prepaid. Get the only Separator that runs in "Bath of Oil," like a $5,000 automobile. This alone is worth $50 extra, but costs you nothing extra. Take

90 Days' Farm Test—Freight Prepaid

Why pay $85 to $110 to dealers or agents who cannot sell you a separator equal to the Galloway—closest skimmer—easiest run—easiest cleaned—10-yr. guarantee. Send for BOOK FREE

WM. GALLOWAY CO. 1673 Galloway Sta., Waterloo, Ia.



FREE FIT CURE

Cures Even Worst Cases to Stay Cured.

To prove to any sufferer, that epilepsy can positively be cured, and to show you how we are curing the worst cases of long standing with our wonderful new Kirotreatment, we will send any sufferer a two week's full treatment free upon receipt of 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc. Our treatment is positively harmless and safe. It contains no alcohol or dangerous drugs. The fits will stop at once. You will feel better right from the start. All that is necessary to get the two week's free medicine, is to send your name and address with 10 cents in stamps, telling how long you have been sick and how often attacks occur, to Kiro Remedy Co., 130 Detroit St., Flint, Mich.

Railway Mail Clerk

Post Office Clerk and City Carrier examinations soon. Good salaries. Let us prepare you by mail. Pres. of our college formerly with Civil Service Commission. Write today for Special Rates.

OZMENT'S CIVIL SERVICE COLLEGE

Dept. T St. Louis, Mo.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? That's all we want to know. Now we will not give you any grand prize or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week, but if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain. The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning, 830 Klagmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

HEART Disease Cured

At home, after 5 to 20 physicians failed. Dr. Miles, the well-known Specialist, will send $2.50 worth of his famous Special Heart Treatment FREE as a trial. Six treatments for Enlarged, Valvular, Rheumatic, Weak, Fatty and Nervous Hearts. 900 testimonials, 30 years' experience, wonderful success, immense practice, 76 assistants.

Mr. J. B. Hann, 116 W. Maryland St., Indianapolis, Ind., cured after 2 physicians failed; Mrs. Elvina Sonders, Decatur, Neb., after 10 failed; Mr. P.W. Runyan, Spencer, Iowa, after 3 failed; Mr. L. A. Prout, Lisbon Falls, Me., after 12 failed; Mrs. Mary DeHart, Greenville, Pa., after 11 failed; Mrs. C. E. Smith, Wayne, Mich., after 2 failed; Mrs. Elizabeth Bonl, Eaglesport, O., after 4 failed; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Snow, Mayfield, Ky., cured; Rev. J. R. Roberson, Tecopola, Miss., cured, suffered 20 years. Other cures from your state sent on request. Many cured after 5 to 20 physicians had pronounced them "incurable." Write now for $2.50 Free Treatment, Heart Book and many remarkable cures. Quick relief. Describe symptoms. Address Franklin Miles, M.D., LL.B., Dept. H., 700 to 710 Main St., Elkhart, Ind.

SIX KILLED IN A TORNADO

Birmingham, Ala., Feb. 5.—Reports have reached here that a tornado struck Booth, Miss., this morning, killing six people and destroying much property.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2303 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

PRESIDENT FEARS WAR

Describes Jap Situation as Grave in Desperate Effort to Avert the Crisis.

Washington, Feb. 9.—President Roosevelt has made another and a desperate effort to halt the advance of the rapidly approaching Japanese crisis.

In a telegram addressed to Speaker Stanton, of the California house of representatives, but directed to the whole people of the Pacific slope, he makes the most urgent appeal for the suppression of anti-Japanese legislation that has yet come from the White House.

The President's statement, made public here last night, does not flinch from describing the present international situation as very grave.

Relations Strained.

The frankness with which Mr. Roosevelt discusses the seriousness of the case, the sincerity with which he appeal for even a postponement of anti-Japanese legislation in California show plainly his conviction that the relations between the United States and the Japanese governments are strained almost to the breaking point.

As a result of the President's statement the lobbies of Washington hotels and the lounging rooms of the Army and Navy club are buzzing with war talk. Even the older and more conservative officials of the government find material for serious discussion in the grave warning which the President sent yesterday to Speaker Stanton.

The President's language is far from ambiguous when he says:

"The misguided men who advocate such action as this against which I protest are following a policy which combines the very minimum of efficiency with the maximum of insult, and, which, while totally failing to achieve any real result for good, yet might accomplish an infinity of harm."

Strong Grounds.

While it has been denied by the administration from the very beginning of the anti-Japanese outbreaks in California that the possibility of hostilities between the two nations has even been contemplated, the language employed by the President certainly furnishes strong grounds for the presumption that he sees a menace of that danger.

The tenor of the whole of the President's statement leaves the choice of no other interpretation than that the administration fears the worst, if the California legislature persists in its course of hostility to the Japanese.

IRISH IN CONVENTION

United League Adopts a Home Rule Resolution.

Dublin, Feb. 9.—The national convention of the United Irish league was opened at the Mansion house today under the presidency of John Redmond. The atendance was immense, the delegates from all parts of Ireland and Great Britain aggregating about 2,000.

The convention then adopted the usual home rule resolution and declared that this question must be made a vital issue at the next general election so there could be no misunderstanding on the other side of the channel regarding what was meant. The mayor of Sligo, who seconded this motion, explained that was demanded was "Ireland for the Irish, with our own native government in College Green."

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Washington, Feb. 2.—Senate—An agreement was reached in the senate today to vote on Feb. 23 on the Aldrich substitute bill for the appointment of a court of inquiry to determine the qualifications for re-enlistment of the discharged soldiers of the Twenty-fifth infantry, as the result of the Brownsville incident. The senate passed a house bill to prevent the importation of opium into the United States except for medicinal purposes. A large part of the day was devoted to an executive session, during which the nomination of Collector Crum, of Charleston, S. C., was considered.

House—The house locked horns today with the senate on the question of automobiles for the White House and refused to accept an amendment to the urgent deficiency bill striking out the appropriation of $12,000 for that purpose. The bill was sent to conference after a humorous debate in which several members took occasion to refer to the bodily proportions of the president-elect. The hopes of the army for sufficient money to continue its experiments in aeronautics were blasted when the house reconsidered its action of last week and by a vote of 2 to 1 withdrew the increase of $100,000 then made. After undergoing this and other amendments the army appropriation bill was passed and consideration of the agricultural bill immediately begun. Under license of debate on the latter measure, Mr. Ansberry, of Ohio, spoke in advocacy of a ship canal from Chicago to Toledo. The agricultural bill was pending when the house adjourned.

Washington, Feb. 3.—Senate—Senator Teller, of Colorado, today addressed the senate in support of Senator Bacon's resolution declaring that the senate has a right to any information in possession of the executive departments and cited various precedents to sustain his contention. He claimed that only in exceptional cases is the President warranted in withholding information. The senate remained in executive session during most of the day considering the nomination of Dr. W. D. Crum to be collector of customs at Charleston, S. C.

House—General debate on the agricultural appropriation bill today afforded critics and defenders of the department of agriculture an excellent field day. Mr. Lever (S. C.) led off with an attack on the appointment and work of the referee board of consulting chemists of the department. Mr. Heflin (Ala.) asked on behalf of cotton growers for a governmental monthly report on the consumption of cotton. Mr. Sturgis (W. Va.) urged an extension of the forest service. Mr. Humphrey (Wash.) took an exactly opposite view, while Mr. Mondell (Wyo.) declared the bureau of forestry the most autocratic government bureau outside of Russia. Mr. Bartholdt (Mo.) urged the issue of bonds for inland waterway improvement, and Mr. Crandler (Miss.) complained of the tariff on agricultural implements. Chairman Scott, of the agricultural committee, closed the debate with explanatory remarks on work done by the department during the last year. When the bill was under consideration under the five-minute rule an increase of $500 to the salary of Solicitor George P. McCabe, making it $4,500, was stricken out on a point of order. An increase of the salary of Director Willis B. Moore, of the weather bureau, from $5,000 to $6,000 suffered a similar fate. Before the bill was taken up in general debate the house passed the senate pension bill for federal judges.

Washington, Feb. 4.—Senate—The monotonous tones of the reading clerk of the senate as he labored through the bill of over 100 pages making appropriations for the District of Columbia, constituted the chief feature in the proceedings of that body today. There was an evident intention on the part of the minority to lengthen the time necessary to dispose of the measure, it being the only obstacle to an executive session for the further consideration of the nomination of William D. Crum to be collector of customs of Charleston, S. C. When the senate adjourned the reading of only half of the bill had been completed.

House—The forest service got its annual drubbing in the house today, the criticisms against it coming principally from Mr. Smith (Cal.), Mr. Cook (Colo.) and Mr. Mondell (Wyo.), all of whom charged extravagance in administration and the extortion of money from mining farmers and even the owners of beehives. Mr. Cook attributed to Mr. Pinchot, the chief forester, the ulterior motive of scheming for Secretary Wilson's seat in the cabinet. Both Mr. Pinchot and the forest service were vigorously defended by Mr. Mann (Ill.) and Mr. Weeks (Mass.). All attempts to amend the bill in any important particular failed. Its consideration was about two-thirds completed when the house adjourned.

Washington, Feb. 5.—Senate—The senate today concluded consideration of the District of Columbia appropriation bill, carrying an aggregate of about eleven and a half millions of dollars. A conference report on the urgent deficiency bill was agreed to. It appropriates $12,000 for the "purchase, care and maintenance of automobiles for the President," and $150,000 to enable the secretary of agriculture to continue to combat the foot and mouth disease in horses and cattle. A resolution was adopted directing posts and various phases of army administration. After an executive session, in which the nomination of William D. Crum to be collector of customs of Charleston, S. C., was considered, the senate adjourned.

House—Private claimants by the score had their innings in the house today, the whole session being given over to their consideration. Mr. Mann provoked house to laughter by questioning the value of two Kentucky thoroughbred horses, and charged that the committee had accepted the valuation of the animals as fixed by an idiot." Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, protested against reservation of objections to bills, claiming that objections should be made outright or not at all. Mr. Macon (Ark.) who was doing much of the reserving, declared that his sole object was to elicit explanations which would enable him to "object intelligently." The speaker became involved in the controversy and was called upon to make a ruling, and then Mr. Gaines (Tenn.) threw the house into an uproar by charging that the rules prohibited "a square deal" to claimants. He grew so vehement that the speaker ordered a deputy sergeant-at-arms to require him to take his seat. The President's message vetoing the census bill was read just before the house adjourned, and no action was taken on it.

Washington, Feb. 6.—Senate.—The splendid qualities of mind and character of the late Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa, 32 years a United States senator, and eight years a member of the house of representatives, were the subject of many eulogies in the senate today. The delivery of the eulogies consumed the entire day.

House—After devoting almost its entire session to the consideration of the subject, the house of representatives today passed a bill making several amendments to the national bankruptcy law. Mr. Clayton (Ala.) made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to repeal the law. The bill is designed to correct certain inequalities in the administration of the bankruptcy law, and amends the act regulating the duties and compensation of receivers in order to prevent excessive fees. It also provides that any moneyed business or commercial corporation, except a municipal railroad or banking corporation, can file a petition for bankruptcy, thereby eliminating the discrepancies which heretofore existed where some court decisions held many corporations in one circuit which would be admitted into bankruptcy in another. It confers ancillary jurisdiction so that all the assets of the estate can be marshaled substantially in one court, thereby obviating the filing of suits in different courts where the property might happen to lie.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Senate.—After a brief legislative session today, the senate closed its doors and devoted the day to a further consideration of the nomination of William D. Crum to be collector of customs for the port of Charleston, S. C.

House.—In the house of representatives practically the entire session today was given over to the consideration of bills pertaining to the District of Columbia. A message from the President was read recommending a law requiring ocean-going vessels to be equipped with wireless telegraph apparatus.

THE DEMON FIGHTS

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 6.—The National Model License league, an organization of liquor interests and collateral trades, is planning to hold a series of sectional conventions throughout the United States to organize more thoroughly the trade in the various sections with the object of working for uniform license laws.

The first of these conventions will be held for the Pacific coast and Rocky Mountain slope at San Francisco next May.

SEE WAR SPECTRE

Doubt Visit of King Edward Will Relieve Strained Relations Between Countries.

London, Feb. 9.—Although the meeting this morning between Emperor William and King Edward was to all appearances friendly, almost the entire German press unites in expressing the doubt that anything of a tangible nature will result toward relieving the strained relations between the countries.

The kisses exchanged by the monarchs at the meeting are looked upon, in many quarters, as Judas kisses.

Germany Has Doubts.

Germany says England, as a nation, is not with its king on his visit to Berlin. Official circles, outside the imperial family, receive the visitors in the most curtly tone, regarding their coming merely as a formal return for the emperor's visit to England—a courtesy required by international etiquette.

The visit is regarded generally in itself as an event at the present moment of the greatest political significance and with the feeling that it would be an excellent thing for both nations if the meeting of the two monarchs resulted in a mutual understanding tending to allay international tension.

No Results Expected.

From no quarter, however, is the expectation voiced with any confidence that the visit of the English king will produce direct tangible effects.

When the king and queen arrived this morning from London the city was gaily decorated, large crowds gathered in the streets, but there was no loud demonstrations of welcome.

Ther had assembled to meet the king, Emperor William, the crown prince, other princes of the royal house, including Prince Henry of Prussia, the emperor' brother; Chancellor Von Buelow, Foreign Minister Von Schoen, and a number of other members of the cabinet and high officials of the court.

King Edward and Emperor William greeted each other, kissing each other on the cheek.

BLIZZARD GRIPS WEST

Is More Severe Than the Storm of Ten Days Ago.

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 9.—Blizzard conditions prevail in western Nebraska, exceeding in severity the storm of ten days ago. The thermometer registered 20 degrees below zero at Crawford last night. A strong northeast wind last night blew blinding snow into drifts.

On the Burlington main line to Denver freight trains are tied up and energies devoted to keeping passengers moving.

Struggle with Blizzard.

Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 9.—Railway men, street car managers and telegraph companies are today struggling against a blizzard. The mercury stands at zero and the wind is blowing fifty miles an hour.

In Minnesota, Too.

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 9.—Another heavy snow storm is descending in Minnesota and North and South Dakato with a strong wind that is drifting the snow badly. The temperature here today was 13 degrees above zero. In the extreme northwest the temperatures are very low.

Cold in Missouri.

St. Joseph, Mo., Feb. 9.—Northwestern Missouri is today in the grip of another blizzard. It is intensely cold.

Mercury's Big Jump.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 9.—Falling temperatures were reported all over the southwest today. In six hours the temperature at Kansas City fell fifty degrees, reaching five degrees above zero today. Similar drops were generally reported. Concordia, Kan., reported two below zero, Oklahoma City 12 above zero, Ft. Smith, Ark., 28, and Amarillo, Tex., 10 above zero.

13 KILLED IN CRASH

Bridge Collapses After a Collision.

Lima, Peru, Feb. 9.—A bridge over the Central railway near Tamberaque collapsed yesterday owing to a collision between a locomotive and a construction car. Thirteen men were killed, of which six were Americans, including Engineer Niblock, of the construction department of the American Bridge company.

BURTON CREDENTIALS

Washington, Feb. 9.—Senator Foraker today presented to the senate the credentials of his successor, Senator-elect Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Market.

Toledo, Feb. 9.—Regardless of bearish factors, powerful long interests at Chicago succeeded in keeping up wheat on the call and early in the morning. Following the strong showing of yesterday, Liverpool opened with prices unchanged at ½d lower. Toward midday the advance was lost. Receipts were rather heavy, Chicago getting 36 cars. Northwest cars were 227 against 190 a week ago and 393 a year ago. There was good buying of July at Chicago and Patten appeared on both sides. Champlin also bought. In the local market dealers complained of poor cash demand. Considerable snow and rain and colder weather were indicated by the weather map. All options opened unchanged save September, which started ⅜c down and gained ⅛c before 10 a. m. At 10 a. m. cash was quoted ¼c higher at $1.13, May ¼c up at $1.12⅝, and July ⅛c higher at $1.02⅝.

Large sales by the Patten interests caused a slump in late hours. There were also reports of heavy unloading in the northwest. Southwest receipts were large. Cash demand improved somewhat, and at the end of the day the option was quoted ⅝c higher than the near month. Cash closed ¼c up at $1.13, May ¼c higher at $1.12⅝, July ¼c up at $1.02⅝, and September ⅜c up at 98½c. Liverpool closed ⅛d lower.

Corn was quiet and unchanged at the opening and during the early hours. On the call May sold at 65⅝c, July at 65⅜c, and September at the same price. Liverpool opened unchanged, gaining ⅛d later in the day.

Bad roads, light offerings, strength of oats and reports of locust damage in Argentina firmed up corn. Corn closes were: Cash 63½c, May 66¼c, July 66c, September 66c. Liverpool finished ⅛d up.

A few minor changes developed in oats. May opened ⅛c higher at 53¾c, July ⅛c off at 47½c, and the far month unchanged at 40⅛c. The market laid dorman during a portion of the forenoon.

Final oats values. Cash 53¼c, May 54⅜c, July 48¼c, September 40⅛c.

Clover seed was at a standstill early in the day. February opened at $5.57½, March at $5.60, and October at $6.17½.

Receipts today were 640 bags against shipments of 725. A year ago 300 bags were reported in and 925 out. Burdensome stocks and liberal receipts caused weakness late in the day. Cash closed 5c off at $5.52½, March 5c lower at $5.55, Ocotber 2½c off at $6.15.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Feb.9.	Close Feb.8.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.12⅜	1.13¼	....	1.13	1.12⅜
May	1.12½	1.13	1.12⅜	1.12⅝	1.12½
July	1.02⅜	1.03	1.02⅜	1.02⅝	1.02⅝
Sept.	98½	....	....	98½	98½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	63½	63
May	65⅝	....	....	66¼	....
July	65⅜	....	....	66	65⅝
Sept.	65⅜	....	....	66	65⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	53½	53½
May	53½	....	....	54⅝	53⅝
July	47½	....	....	48⅜	47⅜
Sept.	40⅝	40½	....	40½	40½
Clover seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.52½	5.57½
Feb.	5.57½	....	....	5.52½	5.57½
March	5.60	....	....	5.58	5.60
Oct.	6.17½	....	....	6.15	6.17½
No. 2	....	....	....	5.42½	5.42½
No. 3	....	....	....	5.32½	5.32½
Rejected	....	....	....	5.20½	5.22½
N. E. G.	....	....	....	5.10	5.10
Rye—					
No.	....	....	....	80	80
No. 2	....	....	....	79½	80½
No. 3	....	....	....	77½	77½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.85	8.85
March	....	....	....	....	8.85

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.10⅝	1.11	1.10	1.10½	1.10½
July	99⅜	1.00¼	....	99⅞	99⅜
Sept.	96½	96	96⅝	96⅝	96⅝
Corn—					
May	63⅞	64⅝	63⅜	64½	63⅝
July	63⅜	....	....	64	63½
Sept.	63⅜	....	....	64	63½
Feb.	....	....	....	61¼	....
Oats—					
May	52½	....	52⅛	53	52⅞
July	46⅝	....	....	47⅜	46⅝
Sept.	39¼	....	....	39½	39¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.13⅞	....	....	1.14½	1.13⅞
Corn—					
May	70⅞	....	....	71⅜	70⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.08⅝	1.09	1.08½	1.08⅝	1.08⅝
July	97⅞	98½	97½	97⅞	97⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.08½
July	....	....	....	....	1.09⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.08½
July	....	....	....	....	1.10

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	16.80	17.00	....	16.85	16.77
July	16.90	17.07	....	17.05	16.87
Lard—					
May	9.60	9.67	....	9.65	9.57
July	9.77	9.80	....	9.77	9.70
Ribs—					
May	8.80	8.90	....	8.87	8.80
July	9.00	9.07	....	9.05	8.95

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Feb. 9.—Hog values were a trifle higher today as the result of a good demand and light receipts. Ready buying caused offerings to melt rather early, all being sold.

Quietude prevailed in cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 300 lbs., $6.70; mediums, $6.60@6.65; Yorkers, $6.50@6.60; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $6.10@6.40; good pigs, $5.90@6.10; stags and roughs, $4.25@5.75; mixed, $6.55@6.60; bulk of sales, $6.60.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.00@5.75; fair to good, $4.50@5.35; plain light steers, $3.50@4.25; extra heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to medium, $4.00@4.75; light, $2.50@3.00; fat cows, $4.50@5.00; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.00; milkers and springers, $25.00@55.00; choice butchers' bulls, $4.50@4.75; common to good bulls, $3.00@4.25; stockers and feeders, $3.00@4.85.

Sheep and lambs—Good to choice lambs, $7.00; fair to good, $5.75@6.50; common and light, $3.75@5.00; sheep, good to choice yearlings, $5.75@6.50; good to choice wethers, $4.75@5.25; good to choice ewes, $4.25@4.75; mixed, $4.00@4.75; bucks, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $2.25@3.25.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.50@9.00; fair to good, $6.50@7.50; common, $4.50@6.50; heavy and pail fed, $12.5@6.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Feb. 9.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hog receipts, 40 cars; market higher; yorkers, $6.55; mediums, $6.60; heavy, $6.50@6.70; pigs and lights, $6.15@6.35. Sheep, ten cars; steady; top lambs, $7.50. Calves, steady.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Feb. 9.—(By Daily Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle receipts, light; market, quotations unchanged. Hogs, 50 cars; market steay; heavies, $6.90@6.95; mediums, $6.30@6.85; yorkers, $6.75@6.80; lights, $6.30@6.50; pigs, $6.00@6.30. Sheep, receipts 500; lambs, $5.00@7.75; sheep, $2.50@5.50. Calves, 100; good to choice natives, $9.25@9.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Feb. 9.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 3,000; market, strong; beeves, $4.20@7.00; Texas steers, $4.25@5.10; western steers, $4.00@5.60; stockers and feeders, $3.20@5.50; cows and heifers, $1.85@5.60; calves, $5.50@7.75. Hogs, receipts estimated at 16,000; market, steady; light, $5.85@6.30; mixed, $5.95@6.45; heavy, $6.00@6.45; rough, $6.00@6.15; good to choice heavy, $6.15@6.45; pigs, $4.75@5.75; bulk of sales, $6.15@6.35. Sheep, receipts estimated at 14,000; market, weak; native, $3.25@5.60; western, $3.25@5.60; yearlings, $5.90@7.00; lambs, native, $5.50@7.60; western, $5.50@7.60.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, East Buffalo, Feb. 9.—(Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead's Special Report to The Blade.)—Cattle, 2 cars, steady. Hogs, 20 cars, strong; heavy, $6.85; yorkers, $6.70; pigs, $6.50. Sheep, 10 cars, steady; best lambs, $7.75; yearlings, $6.00@6.60; wethers, $5.00@5.75; ewes, $4.50@5.00. Calves, $5.00@9.25.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Feb. 9.—(Wall Street.)—Advances of a point in Consolidated Gas and of ⅝ in Denver & Rio Grande were the only conspicuous changes shown by the opening prices of stocks today. Otherwise trivial fractional gains were shown on an insignificant volume of dealings.

The tone of the market grew better and there was active buying of certain groups, particularly the Harriman and Gould stocks. After prices had risen a substantial fraction, the demand began to lessen until it had about died out. Denver & Rio Grande preferred advanced 2¾ points, the common 1. Central Railroad of New Jersey and Tennessee Copper 1½, and Texas & Pacific, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati & St. Louis and American Tobacco preferred 1 point.

Prices advanced in the afternoon, especially for Denver & Rio Grande, and although there was a slight reaction the close was steady.

General Electric and Westinghouse Electric reacted 1¼. Other stocks did not sag much although the general tone was heavy.

Good Advances.

The electrical equipment stocks made good advances, but the languid demand in the general list allowed prices to slip back. Noon prices showed a number of declines from last night. Westinghouse Electric rose 3½, General Electric and Sloss-Sheffield Steel 2, and the Rock Island stocks, Allis-Chalmers preferred and National Biscuit 1. People's Gas lost 1⅝. Bonds were firm.

New York Stocks.

New York, Feb. 9, 1909.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30pm
Am. Cotton Oil	53	53	52	52
Am. Loco. com	56	56	56	56
Atchison	99¾	100⅛	99⅜	100⅛
Am. Car & F. Co	50½	50¾	50½	50¼
Anaconda	46	46	45⅝	45⅝
Amal. Copper	75⅜	76¼	75⅝	76⅞
Am. Smelters	87	87½	86¾	86¾
Am. Woolen Co	28½	28½	28½	28½
Alton com.	61⅜	61⅞	61⅜	61⅝
Allis-Chal. pfd	48	48⅞	48	48⅞
Am. Tobacco pfd	91½	91½	91½	91½
Biscuit com	104	104	104	104
Balt. & Ohio	108⅜	108½	108¼	108⅜
Brooklyn R. T.	71¼	71⅝	71	71
Chicago & G. W.	7⅝	7⅝	7⅝	7⅝
Canadian Pacific	173	173⅜	173	173⅜
Clover Leaf pfd	69	69	69	69
Colorado Fuel	39¾	40	39¾	39⅞
Ches. & Ohio	66½	66¾	66	66⅝
Central Leather	30¾	30⅜	30¾	30⅝
Consolidated Gas	120½	121	120⅜	120½
Can pfd	75	75	75	75
Denver & R. G.	47⅝	48⅜	47⅝	47⅞
Denver & R. G. pfd	87¼	87⅝	87½	88⅜
Distillers' Sec.	37⅜	37½	37⅜	37½
Erie com.	30⅝	31½	30⅞	31⅜
Erie 1st pfd	46¼	46½	46¼	46⅝
Gt. Northern pfd	141½	141½	141½	141½
Ill. Central	141½	141⅝	141½	141⅝
Interborough com	15⅝	16¼	15⅜	15⅞
Interborough pfd	42⅞	44¼	42⅞	44¼
K. C. Sou. com	42⅝	42½	41⅞	41⅝
K. C. Sou. pfd	72½	72½	72	72
Mex. Central	22	22	22	22
Missouri Pacific	72⅞	73½	72⅝	72⅝
M., K. & T. com	43¼	43½	43⅛	43⅛
Nor. Pacific	138¾	138¼	138	138¾
Nat'l Lead	79⅜	80¼	79¾	79¾
N. Y. Air Brake	86	86½	86	86½
North Am. Co	81⅝	81⅝	81⅝	81⅝
N. Y. Central	127¼	127⅜	127½	127½
N. & W. com	91½	91⅝	91¼	91½
Ont. & Western	47⅝	47⅝	47⅝	47⅝
Penn. Ry	131⅞	132¼	131⅞	132
Peoples Gas Co	113⅜	113⅝	112	112
Reading com	133	133	132¼	132¼
Rock